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Hand, Not Heart:

OR,

THE DOUBLE BETROTHAL.

BY LENNOX WYLDER.

(THE NEW DR. PLUME OF A CELEBRATED AMERICAN AUTHOR.)

CHAPTER IV. COLD STEEL.

The horses struggled fearfully to extricate themselves from the traces, and in their plunging managed to get to their feet. But, the carriage was still upset, and, were they inclined to do so, the animals could not run away. They were jaded, too, having traveled rapidly from the station of Ollarway, some seventeen miles distant.

Slowly the young man rose to his feet, but with his right hand he supported his left arm. Agony of pain was stamped upon his features, on which the moon, now shining brightly out, gleamed down.

He looked about him. There lay the driver, groaning piteously, and begging for help. The young man pushed him slightly with his boot.

"Get up, get up, my man!" he said, half-sternly, half-encouragingly; "up with you! I am worse hurt than you; my arm is broken, I know."

The driver ceased his groaning and moaning, sat up on his elbow and looked around him. Then he sprang up.

"Sorry, sir; very sorry you are hurt; and I hope 'tisn't so bad as you think, sir. Good Lord, sir! you are white in the face!" he suddenly exclaimed, peering earnestly and solicitously at the other, as the moon momentarily shone down with increased brilliancy.

"I am suffering a great deal, my man, I—"

Before he could finish the sentence, he reeled and then sunk down where he stood, his pale, intellectual face glowing in the moonlight. He lay perfectly motionless, and did not seem to breathe.

"This is awful! What shall I do?" exclaimed the frightened driver.

"Put your carriage on the wheels and get the man into it!" said a low, deep voice, right by his elbow.

The driver started, as though a bullet had entered his heart, and, with a yell, turned to fly.

"Hold, fellow! I am no ghost! Come, I am an old man, and weak, and very poorly, but I'll help you."

The driver paused, and looked back at the little bent form, which had, as it were, risen from the ground by his side. He hesitated, but seeing the decrepit creature—for he was evidently such—go to the carriage and endeavor to lift the wheels, he turned, and coming up to the prostrate vehicle, said:

"I didn't know what you were, at first, and I am much obliged to you for help. Wait; I'll unhitch the horses, and then we can see what is to be done."

"Very good, but work in a hurry." The driver at once unhooked the traces and ungear the horses. Tying them to a tree near by, he soon returned to the carriage.

Whatever was the driver's courage, moral or physical, he was certainly gifted with great strength of muscle, for almost unaided, the old man giving scarcely any assistance, he righted the carriage in a very few moments, and went for the horses.

"And how came you to be in this deserted field?" asked the old man.

"Why, I got lost. I'm a new hand in these parts, and I was bringing a passenger from the station at Ollarway to Labberton."

"Ah! And how came you to upset?"

"Why, the horses got frightened at what I believe was the shadow of the devil, right down there, and backed over on that bank. I believe it was the devil himself!" and the man shuddered.

"Ah! the Shadow! You saw it, eh? Ha! ha! Many have seen it before. But come; the

village is three miles from here, and you are not in the road. That passenger of yours is badly hurt, I fear. You had better place him inside, and drive to where you see those lights. That is only a half-mile, and the owner keeps open house almost all the time. The gentleman, too, needs attention."

"Yes, and whose house is it, did you say, old man?" asked the driver, busying himself about the reins.

There was no response. The driver turned around. The old man was not there. He had gone as suddenly as he had come.

The man glanced around him in every direction, but could see nothing. The moon had now slid behind a cloud-bank, and a deep gloom was once more on the plain.

Stopping suddenly, the driver took the young man in his brawny grasp, and bore him gently to the carriage. Not a groan escaped the poor fellow's lips. He was unconscious from the pain and shock.

Howe. For an instant, the hot, red blood flowed wildly to her face. She bent her head to conceal the emotion which the violent crimsoning indicated.

In a moment or so, however, she looked up, and drawing near the young man, said, in a low tone:

"You are right, Mr. Howe; we will summon a physician. May I ask you to be kind enough to send a messenger, at once, to the village?"

Delaney Howe glanced at her; then, bowing low, he immediately left the apartment.

Rain was now beginning to fall in torrents, and the rising wind was piping sadly and shrill around the house. Flash after flash of vivid lightning gleamed, and peal upon peal of thunder shook the old mansion with vibration upon vibration.

Some of the gentlemen, in the mean time, had carried the senseless form into the library.

Then, with a few hasty regrets to the marble-like niece, wishes for the best, they took their

ness crept over her features. She made a step forward:

"I'll do it! I'll do it! If only to avenge my murdered father! I'll murder—murder, as he murdered!"

Stooping, she drew the glittering steel from its sheath, and raised it in her unflinching grasp.

CHAPTER V. VISIONS.

A WILD, stormy night in November! Snowflakes hurtling in the air; bleak north-wind blowing around the corners and under the eaves of an old, storm-battered mansion!

Without, all desolation—dreariness. Within this mansion, comfort, luxury, warmth and cheer!

The hour, eleven. All sounds hushed in the large old house; and the wailing wind, blowing so shrill and cutting over the waste-land, sounds fearfully distinct in the warm, dimly-lighted, quaint old room.

A glowing grate, red with burning coals; a mellow blaze from the wax-candles on the grotesque walnut secretary; one single burner overhead from the chandelier.

Up and down the room, an old man, with a few scattered locks of gray falling down his neck, walks. His hands clasped behind him, his old head bent upon his breast, deep, anxious tho't upon the wrinkled brow.

Up and down, he walks! The night deepens, and the winter-storm howls louder around the old structure.

The clock strikes twelve. Suddenly, the old man pauses. He bends his ear. A low rap sounds on the door. The door opens and another person enters—like-wise an old man—affliction beaming from his face, as his eyes fall upon the occupant of the room.

No words. The door is closed and locked; the light is lowered.

A half-hour, and two men, clad well, to protect them from the weather, cautiously leave by the rear-door and go out into the wild storm. They carry between them an iron-bound chest. Now, they have disappeared in the gray gloom of the falling snow; and the far-stretching plain, white and ghastly, looks like the winding-sheet of a dead Old Year.

The vision has gone!

Another wintry evening. Snow again on the ground; a bitter north-wind, raw and bleak, creeping again over the wintry waste-land!

Lights of a village-town, gleaming dull and dead, in the thick air.

A deserted bar-room in the village inn. The lights low, and the stove getting cold.

One lamp, bright and glittering, suspended over a table. At that table, two men; one, old, shriveled, shrunken, with trembling fingers and scattered snow-white hair—a half-wild fire in his eyes, an unsteadiness in his movements.

The other, a bewhiskered face, bronzed by hot suns; a large frame and swelling muscles! A wide-brimmed hat pulled over his eyes.

Cards on the table; wine at the elbow!

The storm howling louder than ever!

A shambling figure, tottering along over a wide waste-land. A pistol-shot, and then another! A wail on the air. A crouching, bent form—a flying, spectral figure!

CHAPTER VI.

A FACE AT THE WINDOW.

In a distant corner of the wide, out-stretching plain, on this eventful night—the one on which we have opened our story, an unpretending light gleamed out. It came from a small, humble-looking frame building, just one story high. The quiet little abode stood under the grim shadow of several old worm-eaten Lombardy poplars, which reared themselves in the gloom, like giant statues.

Just to the left of the house, was a little graveyard—the pale, rain-beaten, time-worn marbles



AGNES ARLINGTON TURNED, LIKE A TIGRESS AT BAY.

Carefully the driver placed him inside, half-reclining on the seat. Then he closed the door. Mounting to his box, he took the reins, and struck the horses smartly with the whip. The carriage rolled away rapidly over the plain, toward the lights still flashing in the distance.

And, too, the old bent form hurried along as well as he could, and as he went, he muttered: "I've seen that face before! Before! But, I bide my time! I am not yet ready! I bide my time; it shall come!"

All was consternation in the Arlington mansion, as the master was so suddenly stricken down by that blinding flash of lightning. Though the hallway was crowded with the gay, merry-hearted, richly-dressed guests, yet not one of them had felt the stroke.

But, in an instant all was confusion. Several of the gentlemen hastened to the side of the fallen man, and among them suddenly appeared Delaney Howe, of whom everybody had heard so much and knew so little, and that little not to his credit and reputation. Terror was on his face as he looked upon the livid features of Mr. Arlington. In an instant, as a shade of fearful anxiety passed over his face, Howe had knelt by the side of the fallen man.

"He lives! he lives!" he exclaimed, in a voice of exultation. "He is only stunned; send for a physician, at once!"

He rose to his feet and looked around; his eyes fell on Agnes Arlington.

Pale, stern, marble-like, the orphan girl had drawn near, her sable dress making an almost painful contrast with the butterfly apparel of those around her.

One glance passed between her and Delaney

departure—the carriages rolling away in the midst of the rain.

Agnes stood alongside the unconscious man. There he lay, helpless as an infant—his mouth slightly opened, a deep, stertorous breath, now and then, at long intervals, filling his lungs; the eyes half-showing under the purple-ringed lids; a fearful, livid hue covering the blank, expressionless face; the hands, half-clutched, falling limp and nerveless by his side.

Silently Agnes looked on, and a wild desire took possession of her tired and tortured heart; a hard, stony expression grew around the mouth; her swelling bosom rose and fell tumultuously.

The storm, now at its height, roared and howled around the mansion, making it creak and thrill, as the full force of the driving wind struck it. The lurid lightning blazed continuously, and the pealing thunder broke, it seemed, just above the roof.

It was a fearful night—one well-fitted for fearful scenes.

But Agnes quailed not at the loud-breathing storm without. There was a storm in her bosom raging as wildly as the elemental battle was fought on the outside of the time-stained mansion.

"Oh! Fanny—Fanny!" she murmured in an under-breath; "unwittingly, you have put fierce thoughts into my head! Tempted! tempted!" she hissed, as at that moment the lapel of St. Clair Arlington's coat was blown back by a wind-gust, that forced itself through the crevices of the rear door to the library.

The girl paused, and gazed with fiery eyes at something revealed in the breast-pocket of the coat. It was an ivory-handled knife.

A violent trembling seized her; an iron stern-

standing out in the gloom, unprotected by railing, and unrelieved by the friendly foliage of willows or other trees.

That cemetery had been there for years. In the early days of the colony—for New York State was then a dependency of Great Britain—this beautiful section of country was settled by the Dutch, and among those settlers were a few wealthy Padroon families.

On this wide-stretching waste, or plain, as the people now called it, the rich mynheers built their splendid properties, their quaint, odd-fashioned, hip-roofed, but commodious and comfortable dwellings; and the less rich founded what was then called the *Labbertaun-dorf*, now corrupted into the village of Labberton.

This little cemetery was peopled with the dead that came out from the mansions of the wealthy on the plain. And in it are found, to-day, many names which have shone with a brilliant luster in our legislative halls, and in high offices, the gift of the nation.

The village had its own humble God's acre, where those who died were laid away to the last sleep.

Of course, there were many wild tales current among the country-folks and villagers, of strange sights seen on the spreading plain. And the writer has heard one—a most marvelous one, and well vouched for—of an old Padroon who, in a winding-sheet, prowled over the plain on every fitting opportunity; but, wind or storm, shine or fair, *always* on Christmas Eve.

Latterly, however, another singular apparition, far outstripping in terror any thing before told, heard of or seen on the dreary waste, had made its appearance, to vex and torment the rest and peace of the villagers. This wonderful appearance was a large black shadow, showing on the plain at a certain locality, between the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock at night, and *always*, when the moon shone, on the eve of the fourteenth of the month.

By a strange notion—freak of fancy, some termed it—it was conceded by the superstitious (and they numbered the larger portion of the village) that this shadow had something to do with the sudden death, or mysterious disappearance, of old John Arlington, late owner of the Arlington mansion, which, as the reader has seen, was now the property of the stately St. Clair Arlington—the brother.

This was, of course, simply absurd, for anybody, almost, would tell you that old John Arlington, the rich, miserly old man—so miserly, indeed, that he dared not put his immense savings in a bank, but, caring naught for interest, and all for principal and its safety, kept it, nobody knew where. Well, as we were saying, almost everybody in the village would tell you that, seven or eight months ago, old John Arlington very foolishly got intoxicated, one cold, snowy night, at the Washington House, in the village—played cards with a sun-browned foreigner until a late hour of the night, and then, having lost all the money he had about him, reeled away to his old mansion, the other side of the plain. They furthermore will tell you that, in company with his ancient body-servant—as quaint and odd as was his master—the old miser had fallen from the rustic bridge over the creek, and was drowned. This they asseverate with additional force, and at a low breath, when they *swear* that, on the following morning, two large holes were seen in the ice!

The old servant had followed his master, even unto death!

And an old nurse, returning one night late from professional duties, had seen the miser playing cards with his ancient servant—crazy Noon, as he was called—on the further abutment of the bridge.

So, of course, that black shadow on the plain had nothing to do with the sudden death or disappearance of old John Arlington. We say *disappearance*, and further back, have used the word *almost*, with a motive.

There were those in the village who said that old John Arlington was not dead. That, in one of his freaks, sometimes happening to him, the old miser had gone somewhere; but no one knew whither.

This, however, was by the most considered even idler talk than the other—the appearance of the Shadow, as a visitation to earth by the uneasy spirit of the rich old man.

This thing was certain: in the old Padroon burying-ground there was a handsome tomb erected, and on it, cut deep with the graver's chisel, were the plain words:

"JOHN ARRLINGTON: aged 67 years and 4 months. Erected by his brother, ST. CLAIR ARRLINGTON."

The strangest part of this plain epitaph—if we can call it such—was, the *small* characters used for the name of the deceased, and the *display*, as printers call it, used in bringing out the name of the sorrowing brother.

The tomb was erected alongside an old, worm-eaten slab, whose half-erased letters told that underneath the stone slept the mortal part of one "KLAUDER VAN AARLINGTON, a good and worthy man." Of course the reader sees, from the patronymic, that old John was a direct descendant of the Padroons, and by consequence, not necessarily stingy, but absolutely economical and saving with his means.

But we are wandering. We will return to the small frame house, in which a single pale light was burning.

The wild storm of thunder, wind and rain had blown over, and the moon, from behind the broken cloud-banks in the sky, scudding along rapidly toward the north, shone down with a brilliant splendor upon the outstretched plain.

We will enter the house for a moment. Walking meditatively up and down the small, plainly-furnished room, was an old woman, certainly past sixty. Her white cap scrupulously clean; her smoothly-brushed, frosted hair gathered back from her calm forehead; her hands crossed meekly upon her bosom; her very step, all told the pure soul—the guileless heart of the aged creature.

She paused in her promenade, and turning to the open hearth-fire gave it a poke and a rake, so that the flashing sparks flew up the wide throat of the chimney in a glittering cloud.

Then she examined with a fork the contents of a pot, suspended on a hook, simmering above the fire. Then she turned again to her work, but paused suddenly, and bent her ear.

Long she listened. The dying wind outside moaned and sighed deeply. But the old woman was listening for other sounds, which came not, though she fancied she had heard them. Straightening herself up, she shook her head:

"No, no; not yet! not yet!" she murmured. "And both are away, both away, and I have been all alone on this terrible night—this, the night of the Shadow! He, my boy! my first-born! God shield him! I know people say hard things of him; I know they distrust him, and yet, *where* does he get so much money? He tells me he earns it, earns it honestly; and if he is wild a little, if people do not like him, why, my darling boy is kind to me, his old, stricken mother. And more than all, *he is my son!* Ha!" She paused again and bent her head, listening intently, with her hand to her ear, for several moments. Her frame shook, and she almost tottered to the door, and bent her ear to the key-hole, through which the night-wind was moaning drearily.

But again she drew away, as a look of anxiety settled on her face. "Tis getting late, late!" she said, "and she, poor thing, is away, too! Out in the night—and has been exposed to the fury of this storm! Why does not God either heal her broken heart—why does *he* not take her home to himself? Oh! unlucky day, when her eyes fell on the form—Ha! again! *They* here?" and she paused. She scarcely seemed to breathe.

This time she did hear something—some sounds—but they were not those she longed to hear and to welcome.

First, a low but distinct whistle sounded on the air. There was no response from the house, and in an instant the lonely old woman had extinguished the light, and slipped a bar across the door. The whistle came again; still no response.

Cautious steps were then heard approaching the dwelling; then a low tap sounded on the door. The poor old woman shivered with fright, and lifted her eyes to heaven in meek, silent supplication.

Again the tap; this time louder than before. And then, as no response came, the door cracked and rattled as if a heavy man had tried its strength with his weight. But the bar held firmly.

Then ensued a low conversation, the indistinct muttering of which could be plainly heard by the helpless old woman within.

This consultation on the outside, for so it seemed to be, lasted only a moment. Then a gruff, hard voice said aloud:

"There is nobody at home, that's certain; but the commodore must be notified."

Only a moment elapsed, when a slight, rustling sound was heard. It seemed to come from the bottom of the door, and sounded like the rattling of paper.

Then the footsteps moved off, the sounds died away, and all was silence again.

For ten minutes the lonely old woman did not move. She was afraid of the sound of her own footsteps. But, at length, summoning up courage, she re-lit the lamp, taking it away from near the window, and drew cautiously near the door.

She started, as she saw at her feet a long, yellow envelope. She hesitated not a moment, but stooped and picked it up. It was sealed.

The old woman adjusted her glasses, and gazed at the envelope. It was directed rudely, in pencil, to *her son*.

The poor old mother looked at the missive earnestly. Then, glancing around her, she suddenly tore open the envelope, and with her nervous fingers drew out the small strip of paper found within.

She threw her eyes on it; it was a half-sheet of paper. At the top was coarsely engraved a death's-head. Then, below, followed a few printed lines. But what the poor mother read was written rudely in pencil, and ran as follows:

"WORTHY COMMODORE:—Strange sail in sight! You are wanted to direct the chase. Come to the rendezvous. No new hands. Brothers."

The old lady carefully refolded the letter, and placed it in her bosom, as an expression of terrible pain came over her face. She walked to the door and looked out cautiously.

The moon was now shining brightly down. The widow glanced toward the silent country, so lonely and desolate. Every grave-stone was lighted up. She started violently and shrunk away.

Seated at the base of the new-made tomb of old John Arlington was the figure of a man, or of something. There it was, plain as day; but motionless and silent.

One look, and the old mother closed the door with a sudden snap, and hurried up to the fireplace. Scarcely had she covered there when flying feet were heard outside. They paused at the door. Then a low, guarded tap; then one word echoed inside, gently whispering, "Mother!"

With a glad cry of joy the poor old woman sprang to the door and opened it. In another moment she had locked in her arms a wet, fainting form.

"Oh, Dora! Dora! God be thanked; I have you again! But, oh! my child, why do you—"

"Sh! sh!" said the girl, her large black eyes glancing wildly around her. "Sh! sh! mother! I've been to see the Shadow! And, mother, I've seen *him!* Clavis, who, years ago, mother, said *he—*" She suddenly paused. "Quick, mother! At the window! For God's sake!" and she pointed her thin hand shudderingly toward the window.

The mother looked.

"The Padroon's *wraith!*" and she buried her head on her daughter's shoulder, and drew her wet form closer to her bosom.

The old withered face at the window had disappeared when she looked up again.

CHAPTER VII.

OATH-BOUND.

BUT Agnes Arlington's uplifted arm did not descend. It was suddenly seized from behind, in a powerful grasp, and she heard hissed in her ear:

"Hold! hold! my pretty one! 'Tis dangerous to play with edged tools! Ha! ha! lucky for Sainty I chanced to come in!"

Agnes Arlington turned like a tigress at bay. "You here, Delaney Howe?" she exclaimed, her voice faltering, and her face blanching with terror.

"Yes, Miss Agnes. 'Tis I, yours to command! And excuse me, Miss Agnes; I'll trouble you to give me that knife! It belongs to your uncle, and as he may not require it again, I think it but just that no one should claim it now. Though I grant 'tis a fine knife, as I saw by your scrutiny that you are pleased with it!"

And his steel-gray eyes fairly seemed to burn her through.

Without a word Agnes, her face now a dead-white, her eyes staring fixedly on the young man's countenance, turned toward him. She held out the keen-edged knife, and said, in a calm voice:

"I thank God that you came, Delaney Howe! For an infatuation had seized me, and you have saved me from *murder!*"

Delaney Howe took the dagger in his hands and placed it away, having carefully wrapped its glittering blade in his handkerchief, in the breast-pocket of his coat. For a moment he did not say a word. He felt that the burning eyes of Agnes Arlington, the woman whom he would fain call wife, were fastened upon him; but he was thinking—thinking deeply.

All this while, the stricken man lay without motion, but the laboring breath told that life was still in the motionless body.

"You are in my power now, Agnes Arlington!" he said, in a harsh voice, "and no one knows it better than myself! You can imagine what course the *law* would pursue, were it known that you had been, by me, prevented from *murdering*, in cold blood, your own blood uncle!" and he still gazed at her fixedly.

The girl shivered. All at once she had seen the terrible position in which a single impulsive moment had placed her. She saw that her liberty, her reputation, her all, rested in the grasp of a man whose very presence—the air even which he breathed—she despised. A tremor took possession of her limbs, and wailing out, in a low tone:

"Oh! spare me! spare me! I knew not what I was doing!" She reeled and fell backward.

Delaney Howe's strong arm was stretched out, and Agnes Arlington, fainting and helpless, fell heavily upon it. His eyes gloated wickedly on the fair face, and then, with a low laugh of a long-looked-for triumph, he muttered:

"And was I born under the Dog-Star? And have I not triumphed, now? Yes, yes, my hour has come, and—she awakes!"

He lifted her in his arms, and carried her swiftly across the room, to a sofa on the opposite side. Laying her down gently he stood above her. Slowly she opened her eyes, and, as she saw Delaney Howe standing there, again a shiver passed over her frame.

The young man turned away, and going to a sideboard, as if he knew the locality well, he drew out a decanter of brandy. Pouring a small portion in a wine-glass, and adding a little water, he went back to the girl.

"Here, Miss Agnes," he said, "drink this; it will give you strength and spirits. I know it from experience. Drink it; it will not hurt you."

For an instant the girl glanced at him; and then, as if obeying him in every particular, she took the glass and swallowed the draught at once. For a second or so, she shook like a leaf. Then she suddenly sat up, and looked at him. But the color had not returned to her face.

"You are all right now, Miss Agnes, and," continued Delaney Howe, speaking rapidly, his tone growing harder as he proceeded, "your secret is safe, on *one condition*," and his burning eyes stared her meaningly in the face.

With a shudder, Agnes Arlington glanced at him. She knew what was coming, for she felt it. But she spoke not.

"Shall I tell you the condition?" he continued.

She bowed her head; but Delaney Howe paused; he seemed endeavoring to collect himself. At length, however, he said:

"Of course you know, Miss Agnes, that my information would send you to the county jail, and that my testimony would consign you to the penitentiary?"

The girl answered not, but the violent throbbing of her bosom, the anguished expression of her face, told well enough the answer he would expect.

"That, then, is taken for granted!" he said, with a quiet laugh. "'Tis very well you do not choose to argue *that* point. It would consume time, and time is desirable in other particulars now, for the doctor should soon be here. Listen, Miss Agnes. You have known me now for several years, but it is only within the last seven months that I have been permitted to speak with you freely, for your father was, though at one time my friend, to say the least, an odd sort of an old fellow. Sainty, that is your uncle, is more sociable. Well, I can not make a long story out of nothing! In a word, Agnes Arlington, I love you! There, that's flat and plain, though you need not start so. I am poor, I know, but not more so than *you*, and I am young, healthy and strong. You have no bean. You could not do better than—"

"Enough, Delaney Howe! Would you have me say I love you, when I despise you?" and the girl suddenly raised her head and glanced at him.

A terrible frown wrinkled the man's face at these words. He bit his lip to control his anger. "I do not ask you to love me; I don't care for *that*. I want you to *marry* me! *Marry* me—do you understand, girl? And I swear solemnly you shall, or you shall go to jail! Mark that! And now, Agnes Arlington, I give you five min-

utes to answer," and he fixed his eyes, demon-like, on the clock, turning his back to the girl, as he spoke.

No words can describe the conflict that was raging in the bosom of the poor girl. Yet, she was penniless and miserable, and was there any life in life worth living for?

Then the gloomy prison walls rose before her, and her soul shrank with very horror within itself. No, she could not bear that disgrace; and she dared not brave the dagger, or the slow poison.

And the hand was almost on the minute! In a mad, impulsive, frenzied moment, she turned.

"Spare me, man! Spare my family's name, and I'll be your wife!"

"Swear it! swear it!" Agnes Arlington, on the keen blade of this dagger!" exclaimed the young man, drawing out the weapon, and unrolling from it the handkerchief.

The girl drew away with a shudder; but meeting the man's eyes, she turned and seized the knife, and placing the bright blade to her lips, said in a choking voice:

"I swear!"

"Tis well, Agnes; I'll keep this knife as a reminder, for—Wheels! The doctor has come."

Sure enough; a rap sounded on the outside door of the hall. The summons was answered, and in a few moments the village physician entered the library.

We shall not give the details of the struggle between science and apparent death. Suffice it to say, that after having tried every means, and resorted to almost every method for resuscitation, at the end of an hour St. Clair Arlington opened his eyes and glanced around him. In a half-hour more, he sat up.

The rich man was almost miraculously restored to life, and the physician, with a smile of pleasure on his face, turned to go.

At that instant there was a thundering knock on the door. A servant hurried thither in a moment.

"I've a wounded man, hurt badly! Can't you take him in?" asked a loud voice outside.

Mr. Arlington, standing by the library-door, answered at once.

"Certainly! Hurry, John, and lend a helping hand. Remain a while, doctor; your services may be needed."

In a few moments, a burly fellow—none other than our friend, the driver—and John, the servant, entered, bearing between them the almost motionless form of a man.

Standing by the library, just inside the hall, her face pale, her great eyes staring straight ahead of her like a maniac's, rigid, in an ice-like self-possession, was Agnes Arlington, beautiful in her marble-like sternness, grand in her imposing loveliness.

Just within the library-door was Mr. Arlington, and back of him stood Delaney Howe. The doctor had strode forward to meet those who carried the wounded man.

Slowly the men bore him on. And now the light from the hall shone full in his face. The wounded man shivered; his breast heaved; then he opened his eyes, and looked hurriedly around him. His gaze fell on Agnes Arlington, and a wild, convulsive shudder swept through his frame.

With a piercing shriek the girl tottered forward and flung her arms around him!

And old St. Clair Arlington reeled back into the library, moaning out, in an agonizing voice: "Clavis! Clavis! Clavis! Do you come to haunt me?"

And when the wounded man had been lifted out from the carriage, a low voice had wailed plaintively on the air, and a dim figure had flitted away, unperceived, in the shadow of the large house.

(To be continued.)

PERILS OF FALSEHOOD.

WHEN once a concealment or deceit has been practiced in matters where all should be fair and open as the day, confidence can never be restored, any more than you can restore the white bloom to the grape or plum, which you have once pressed in your hand. How true is this, and what a neglected truth by a great portion of mankind. Falsehood is not only one of the most humiliating vices, but, sooner or later, it is certain to lead to the most serious crimes. With partners in trade—with partners in life—with friends, with lovers, how important is confidence! How essential that all guile and hypocrisy should be guarded against in the intercourse between such parties. How much misery would be avoided in the history of many lives had truth and sincerity been guiding and controlling motives, instead of prevarication and deceit. "Any vice," said a parent, in our hearing a few days since, "any vice, at least among the frailties of a milder character, but falsehood. Far better that my child should commit an error or do a wrong and confess it, than escape the penalty, however severe, by falsehood and hypocrisy. Let me know the worst, and a remedy may possibly be applied. But keep me in the dark—let me be misled and deceived, and it is impossible to tell at what unprepared hour a crushing blow—an overwhelming exposure—may come."

This parent was right. The first exhibition of such a detestable vice in a child should be met with the severest scourging. Lying of all kinds, whether of malice, of concealment, or of vain-glorious boasting, is not only vicious but contemptible, and, if permitted to go unpunished in a child, infects the whole character with a moral plague which will cling to the man to his grave.

A CORRESPONDENT in Havana writes that if he wanted to describe the island of Cuba in a single line, he should call it "The land of the flea and the home of the slave."

At a concert recently, at the conclusion of the song "There's a Good Time Coming," a country farmer got up and exclaimed: "Mister, you couldn't fix the date, could you?"

AT NIGHT-FALL.

When will he come again—to-night—to-morrow?
When will he come—my heart's true love, my own?
When will he come to soothe this restless sorrow
And comfort me with love's delightful tone?

When will he come, and why this weary parting?
Why stays the darling of my life away?
The foolish tears into mine eyes are starting,
And night draws on—he will not come to-day.

Can he be ill? Oh! what if he be stricken
With some dread fever, and his reason fled?
The thought is agony, my pulses quicken;
What if he comes no more—if he be dead?

It can not be. Perchance I am forsaken
For some one nearer, dearer to his heart;
Has he forgotten me? Must I awaken
To this sad fate—and is it thus we part?

Alas! I only know that I am keeping
Incessant vigil, and I watch in vain;
I only know my eyes are hot with weeping;
I only know my heart is full of pain.

And still he comes not; yet, what'er betideth,
May all good angels have him in their care,
And strew his path, wherever he abideth,
With blessings limitless as my despair.

Destiny.

BY SARAH E. LEAVITT.

"Ticket, ma'am!"

The conductor's voice roused me from a very comfortable nap that I had been indulging in, with my traveling shawl folded under my head for a pillow. Opening my eyes I perceived that a very pretty young lady had seated herself beside me. She must have got in at a way-station that we had just passed. Her dress was plain in the extreme, and not only plain, but cheap; and yet it was in the most perfect good taste, and fitted her elegant form to perfection. She was evidently not much of a traveler, or at least was not accustomed to travel alone, for she was quite absent-minded, and did not hear at first, when she was addressed by the conductor; but kept her eyes upon a book she was reading until he spoke again—this time not in very gentle tones.

"Ticket, ma'am!"

"Me?" she asked, raising her head with a bewildered air. "Oh, I beg your pardon; I have no ticket; there was not time to get one at B—"

"Fare, then!" snapped the conductor, very impatient at her hesitation.

Meanwhile she was fumbling for her traveling bag. She lifted the shawl from her arm to see if it was hanging in its usual place; but it was not there. She then rose, shook her dress, looked under the seat, behind it, everywhere; and finally turned a very pale and distressed face toward the conductor, whose impatience, by this time, had reached the maximum point.

"Oh, sir, my bag is gone! I must have dropped it from my arm. What shall I do? I have no money to pay my fare!"

The railway autocrat stood there, stiffer and more snappish than ever. "The old story," he said, with a sneer. "It won't go down, ma'am! People that are so handy at losing their traveling bags can't ride on our line!"

I could have knocked the brute down, except that I am naturally averse to being a hero in a scene and having my name appear in the Police Gazette. The poor girl was actually faint with mortification and fright. She sunk upon the seat from sheer inability to stand. There was no shamming here, that was evident. I promptly took out my porte-monnaie, and turning toward my fair neighbor, said, very deferentially, "Allow me, madam, to relieve you of this little difficulty," at the same placing her fare in the hands of the cynical official. He turned on his heel with a meaning and insulting smile, and left us. As soon as he was gone, I turned to the lady and remarked, "I knew you would be better pleased that I should not quarrel with that man; otherwise I could very easily have done so. He is a brute."

"For that very reason, sir," she replied, "I thank you for not meddling with him. He is not after all so very much to blame, not having the discernment you seem to possess. It would be superfluous for me to say I thank you for what you have done. You have conferred upon me a favor that thanks can not repay."

I did not know how really, touchingly beautiful she was till that moment. Her features were not regular, nor was her face a perfect oval; but there was that in her moist blue eyes, her mantling color, her mobile yet dignified mouth and delicate, upturned chin which proclaimed a peculiarly refined nature, and won my very soul out of me at a glance. I know that it sounds romantic and preposterous, and all that, especially in a bachelor of thirty; but, upon my word as an honorable member of the New York bar, I fell in love with her, then and there.

"You need not thank me," I said. "Any man of common decency would have done what I did."

"Still I am heartily indebted to you," she replied. "Allow me, if you please, to beg your name and address, so that I can return your favor to you as soon as I arrive at my rooms in town. I am a woman of business, you see," she continued, smiling, "and can never allow myself to remain under an unnecessary obligation."

After presenting her card, I would willingly have kept up the conversation so auspiciously begun; but she gave me little encouragement to do so; returning to her reading, and making it evident in a very delicate and lady-like way that she preferred silence to further words.

Arrived at our destination, she rose to leave the car, and as she turned to do so, I perceived hanging to her sleeve by a small hook in the end of its loosened chain, the identical little reticule that had caused her so much trouble, and me so much pleasure in its relief. I hastily unhooked it, and handing the pretty Russia leather trifle to its owner, received in return a smile I shall never forget.

"You can not think how glad I am!" she exclaimed. "There is more in this reticule than

were money; in fact, what money could never replace. Allow me now to liquidate my little debt, regretting that I must forever remain obliged for the larger one."

Placing the money in my unwilling hand, and bidding me good-by, she ran away, jumped into a horse-car that was passing, and I saw her face no more for two years.

We were at the Surf House, my friend Bob Staples and I, whiling away the heated term in blissful oblivion of briefs and red tape. Said Bob to me one morning, "Have you heard of the great arrival, Cyril?"

"Arrival? No; great arrivals are too common here to excite the least curiosity."

"Yes, but this is uncommonly great, for two reasons: in the first place, there is an old uncle, a regular nabob, from south America, who owns acres of gold-mines there which are yielding immense returns. In the second place, there is a beautiful and accomplished niece, who will be the observed of all observers, and whose fortune would be a perfect God-send to a rising young man like you or me."

"Fortune be hanged!" said I, recklessly. "If I ever have a fortune, I'll earn it, not marry it!"

My mind reverted, at that moment, as it had at many previous moments, to the pair of swimming blue eyes that I had seen, two years ago, in the cars.

"Upon my word, Cyril Thurston, I believe the Fates will revenge themselves on you for that speech! You're just the fellow to fall in love with Helen Wellford! None of your dashing, flashing belles is she; but a highly cultivated, refined gentlewoman—just such a one as I have often heard you speak of as your beau ideal!"

"At present, at least," I replied, "I beg you will not suggest such a catastrophe as my falling in love. In this hot weather the exertion of keeping cool is all the excitement I can bear. Go—leave me to my meerschaum, my hammock, and my dreams!"

Bob was right; I did fall in love with Helen Wellford. In witness whereof, here she sits by my side—Helen Thurston. But the fall was not sudden, nor unpleasant, nor surprising; on the contrary, it was made easy, doubtless, by the fact that I was used to it; having fallen in love with her once before.

We were sitting together, last evening, on the piazza of our nice little villa overlooking the Hudson. The moon shone bright; and like Lorenzo and Jessica we were disposed by the fact to reminiscences. Somehow, moonlight is always associated, in my mind, with the past.

"And you say you have loved me all along, Helen," I remarked, as I felt the sweet thrill of her little hand in mine. "How could you, then, have been so cruel to me? You must have seen, with those penetrating eyes of yours, that I loved you from the first."

"I believed that you were ready to love me," she replied; "but I was very proud and suspicious then, because I was so poor. I thought that you, a prosperous and rising member of the bar, were generous enough to have loved me out of pity; and I hate pity as applied to myself. I was then earning my own and an invalid mother's daily bread by my labors as governess. By and by my mother died; and then I was left all alone. I knew not that, in all the world, I had a friend. I was aware that I might have had your friendship; but I was too proud to seek it. Then, after many weary, dreary months of solitary toil, my uncle came from Venezuela. We had long thought him dead; and when he came to claim me, as his only brother's child, and heir to all his immense wealth, what do you suppose was my first thought?"

"I dare not guess, Helen. Your thoughts ought to have been very hopeful and cheerful ones, of course."

"My first thought," said she, and the love in those blue eyes was something almost bewildering, as she stroked back my hair with her tender hands—"My first thought was that now I might one day meet and venture to love you!"

And thereupon, I kissed her blushing cheeks and eloquent lips—I shall not tell you how many times.

Going Away.

THERE is something sad in the thought of bidding adieu to home and all its surroundings; of going far away, out of sight of all the well-known places, and out of hearing of the loving words and tones which we are wont to hear. We are haunted by thoughts of what may occur while we are gone. Changes come so often, and so quickly, too, that we may be certain all will not be exactly unchanged when next we meet. Will the hearts that now love us be still true during our absence? Shall we not pass out of sight and out of mind simultaneously? Will any miss us, or think kindly of us, and long for our return? Will our going cause more than the merest ripple upon the tide of daily household life? Will the hours pass any slower because we are absent? Who will water the plants, feed the birds, cull fresh flowers for the vases, and see that the dust does not collect in every out-of-the-way nook?

Some such train of reflection passed through our brain while packing our box, preparatory to setting forth on a recent pleasure trip; nevertheless, we packed steadily until the trunk was full, and more than full; for when was ever a trunk capacious enough to contain all one would put in it? In the present instance, we sat on the lid of ours—not, we must confess, a perfect *fac simile* of "Patience on a monument"—we stood upon it, we hammered and pounded, we jerked and twitched, we tore our fingers and lost our temper, before the lid would come to terms, and agree to behave and allow the key to be turned.

We were going away, but it would never do to sentimentalize and get one's eyes red with weeping at such a time, if we would leave behind us a good impression. We have bidden good-by to all our old haunts; we have said our mute farewell to a thousand inanimate things;

we have given a lingering glance about the dear old rooms; and though we try to be brave, our courage rests on a tremulous foundation, and we answer questions singly at random. At last the adieus are over, and we are off.

We do not realize much beyond this fact for a while; but ere long a new feeling of independence asserts itself, and we feel, now that we are to take care of ourselves, it behooves us to look alive. At the end of the first hour we have so far succeeded in arousing ourselves as to take an interest in what is going on around us. Scanning the faces of our fellow-travelers, we try to imagine the business and general characteristics of each, as portrayed or revealed in his or her dress, deportment, or speech. Tired of this, we look at the scenery through which we pass; and this failing to interest, we betake ourselves to book or paper, and finally fall asleep and jolt on over mile after mile, in blissful unconsciousness that our hat is awry, and that the fastidious gentleman in the next seat is observant of the fact.

Traveling alone may be a very independent mode of getting about the world; but it certainly is not as gay and festive a way of disposing of time as many other methods we could mention. So you are right glad to fall in with a gentlemanly individual, whose pleasant face indicates, as far as you can judge, a conscience void of offense toward any one. He is inclined to converse; and if you are sensible, you will not discourage his kind attempt to beguile your weariness with a little chat. We have known instances where people have refused to reply to a civil remark, and sat silent and rigid, as if the very heavens and earth would come together sooner than they would open their lips to address a stranger who had spoken civilly, and was at least entitled to be treated as a gentleman. But we will hope you are not made of such material; that you have dignity sufficient to repel familiarity, consequently need not fear insult when none is intended.

The Country Dance.

I don't know, dear old chum, how I can better describe *my exile* than to just lift the veil and let you look in and see what "we boys" were about, off there in that Vermont country-side retreat. You thought Tom and I were "out in the cold," did you? Ha! ha! but we were in clover, sir—in clover, for, of all the happy winters, that was the best. I can not tell you, of course, all that *did* happen, but I can recall some things that a green memory will not let die.

* * * Best of all were the "country dances," which afforded the coveted opportunity to jig and jump, and were repeated oft and again. The figure was, however, merely the outline, the skeleton of the dance; it was filled in by the countless gyrations which the boys and girls had learned or invented. Now, Josh would come rushing down with a complicated jig, which kept perfect time with the music, short quick-steps and sudden salutes; then Ike would follow with a series of long strides brought up abruptly, and ending in a jump into the middle of the figure; next, Seth would tide on sideways, working arms and legs like an ingenious piece of machinery in a hurry; then Nancy would treat us to a self-taught *pas seul*, quite as amusing as any seen on the boards in town. And all chattering, laughing, whispering, coquetting, love-making, and hand-squeezing at the same time. Tom and I were infected; we in turn tried impromptu antics, which generally elicited a roar of merry laughter at the clumsiness of our imitation, but doubtless made us somewhat more popular, as showing that polite society had not driven all the spirit out of us.

At the end of one of the dances, exhausted by our exertion, we descended to the bar-room, and there, while refreshing ourselves, we were amused by the group of sturdy farmers and shop-keepers who were gathered around the great high stove, and were earnestly discussing, now the affairs of the nation, now the farming prospects of the next year. There sat the oracle of the village, Squire Forbes, who was laying down the law in a most dogmatic way, and to whom the others listened as if he were the embodiment of enlightened wisdom; the squire was quite in his glory below stairs, with his glass of flip by his side, as his daughters were above, flirting gaily.

In a corner of the bar-room were several fathers of families, who were deeply engaged in a game of dominoes, and who joined in the general conversation now and then; here, in short, were gathered those who did not care for the dancing, and preferred a quiet, homely chat, a modest pipe, and a steaming glass of punch.

The party were not half wearied with dancing, when good Dame Hodges emerged from the lower regions with a face hot with long contact with the stoves, and announced that supper was ready.

Each young man must—so went the rule and custom—escort the young woman to supper with whom he had come to the ball, so Tom delightedly sought out Ellen Maria, and snugly tucked her round, chubby arm under his own, while I performed the same service for the younger sister. What a hastening, crowding, hustling there was on the stairs! What hurry to get down and secure the best seat for one's own damsel; what little tender delays, on the part of loving couples, happening, oddly enough, in the very darkest part of the stairway, whence came ominous sounds, and suppressed tittering and whispering! And when at last we reached the supper-room, how very bright and savory seemed the homely feast, lighted up by ancient newly-burnished candelabra, and hardly less by the cheery, shining face of mine hostess, who looked as if her hour of triumph had now come. After the due amount of pushing, and screaming, and crowding, we all got fairly seated at last, with Hodges at one end and the dame at the other; the old folks sitting together above, and the young folks together below. The covers were lifted by a number of Yankee damsels who "waited" at the tavern, assisted by

some of our own party, who did not at all disdain to "lend a hand." A repast it was for no delicate, worn-out palates; viands as luscious as the eaters, as the landlord and his dame, as the granite-legged country in which we were, as the rough old Boreas who howled without, and down the chimney. There were beef and mutton, the traditional Yankee "pork and beans," hot corn-cakes, and bouncing loaves of home-made bread; there were fowls and sandwiches; great, generous pumpkin, apple, and mince pies; winter apples, and stored-up nuts, cider and punch, and home-brewed beer.

Long and noisily we sat at the feast, and the country lads made burly love as they helped Susan and Jane to pork and beans, and took to themselves long quaffs of the homely and hearty potables.

Supper over, it was in order to get out the sleighs, and take the girls on a rollicking ride for a mile or two; then, returning, we were ready to resume dancing; and, in between the dances, we got up many a good old-fashioned game; among them the famous "blind man's buff," "Copenhagen," "hunt the slipper," and "stage-coach."

It was long past midnight before we thought of breaking up and returning home; our little party from the parsonage were somewhat chagrined when our good parson-squire came up and admonished us that morning had begun some time ago. The homeward ride was a repetition of the ride tavern-ward, only jollier, noisier, and more hilarious. So ended our first country jollification in winter time. Tom and I were fain to confess, chuckling to each other, that the university "Prex" had not given us so dreadful a punishment after all; while, from what followed during our residence with the Rev. Elkanah Pike, I imagine that Tom thanked the "Prex" from the bottom of his heart, for sending him straight into the house of his future wife.

Hints and Helps.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

AGASSIZ and Nathaniel Bowditch were too poor in early life to purchase the books they needed for their studies, and were compelled to make manuscript copies. By industry, economy, and integrity, these poor boys became famous. Their lives ought to teach its lesson to all boys. The way to honor and prosperity lies through an honorable use of all your faculties, and that scrupulous use of your time which permits no moment to be really wasted. Boys, how many of you can say, each day, I have wasted no hour?

STICK TO ONE PURSUIT.

MANY men fail because they have no definite aim. Their energies are scattered over so wide a surface that they are dissipated and lost. They are not concentrated sufficiently on any one point to make themselves felt. Hence universal geniuses are almost always universal failures, and the promises of early life are not redeemed in the achievements of mature age. A man sets out in life with talents enough to command success in any field of enterprise, tries the whole round of pursuits, and everywhere fails. The simple cause of his failure is because he has tried the whole round, instead of adopting one as his life-work, and concentrating all his energies upon it.

Singleness of aim needs also to be reinforced by tenacity of purpose—that quality of mind expressed by the Yankee word stick-to-it-iveness. Nothing has such power to overcome obstacles and wring success from the unwilling hands of adverse fortune as this. The man who, ten times defeated, can renew the battles of life, with nothing of heart or hope abated, determined to fight it out on this line, will be sure to achieve success in the end. Of this we have numerous examples—men who have spent the vigor of early life in buffeting the winds and storms of adversity, but who have at last, by the force of an unconquerable will, succeeded in reaching the goal of their ambition. We would therefore say, especially to every young man, would you succeed in life, have one definite object of pursuit, and follow that out to the end.

HOW IT WAS DONE.

NATHAN MATHEWS, who returns the largest income in Boston—\$730,000—according to an exchange, failed in business a few years ago, but got started again by industry, and paid every cent of his indebtedness. He then got a little capital, which he invested in suburban building lots, selling whenever he could realize the smallest profit. He also built houses, selling them whenever he could get the smallest advance. By steadfastly pursuing this policy, at once beneficial to the community and to himself, he has gained his immense wealth. This principle is a most excellent one—to keep things moving. A. T. Stewart practices it so rigidly that he never allows any kind of goods to lie long on his shelves. He sells if he sacrifices one half. He is satisfied with small profits on the great mass of his stock, and by his spirited example has done much to turn the business of New York merchants into healthy channels.

HOW TO REMOVE INK STAINS.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following recipe for removing ink-stains: "When the stain is fresh and wet, hasten to provide some cold water, an empty cup, and a spoon. Pour a little of the water on the stain, not having touched it previously with any thing. The water, of course, dilutes the ink and lessens the mark; then ladle it up into an empty cup. Continue pouring the clean water on the stain and lading it up, until there is not the slightest mark left. No matter how great the quantity of ink spilt, patience and perseverance will remove every indication of it. To remove a dry ink-stain, dip the part stained in hot milk and gently rub it; repeat until no sign is left. This is an unfailing remedy."

Saturday Journal

NEW YORK, MARCH 26, 1870.

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL can be had of any New Dealer in the United States and Canada. Persons remote from a New Dealer, or those wishing to subscribe, and receive their papers direct from our office by mail, will be supplied at the following rates, invariably in advance: one copy, six months, \$1.25; one copy, one year, \$2.50; five copies, one year, \$11.25; ten copies, one year, \$20.00.

The Publishers suggest that, when a new dealer is convenient, readers will obtain this paper with perfect regularity by leaving their names with such dealer.

To CONTRIBUTORS.—All contributions remitted must be fully prepaid, and also stamps enclosed for the MS. return, if it is not available. We can not assume any responsibility in the preservation of MSS. not used; therefore, authors should inclose stamps as indicated, which will secure the early re-mailing of the matter. All manuscripts will receive early and careful consideration.—Authors will please be careful to address their inclosures to "BEADLE AND COMPANY, 98 WILLIAM ST., N. Y." and to write plainly on the corner of the envelope the words "Book MSS." The postage on a package so addressed, is two cents for every four ounces. If not so marked the postage will be the usual letter rates, viz: three cents for every half ounce.—In the choice of matter, preference will be given to those contributions (excellence being equal) which are shortest.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

GOOD THINGS TO COME!

We have already made arrangements for literary good things, which will attract and delight all lovers of a living literature.—A romance of striking originality and of intense dramatic interest, by a lady of great popularity, is filed for early introduction. We shall give, in each issue, one or more of the popular songs of the day—many of them copyrights.—"To 'Rising Stars' we extend a welcome hand.—Washington Whitehorn's communications will be particularly racy and—sauce.—From Beat Time we have some "Taps," which will make things lively enough in his line—and a very funny line it is.

NO REPRINTS.

The fine serials which appear in the SATURDAY JOURNAL, will not be republished in book form. Hence those who would read the brilliant romances, that shall grace our columns, will find them only in our weekly issues. We always reserve the right of exclusive publication in our serials.

The Charms of Married Life.—If in that chair yonder, not the one your feet lie upon, but the one beside you, closer yet, were seated a sweet-faced girl, with a pretty foot lying out upon the hearth, a bit of lace running round the swelling throat, the hair parted to a charm over a forehead as fair as any of your dreams; and if you could reach an arm around that chair-back, without fear of giving offense, and suffer your fingers to play idly with those curls that escape down the neck; and if you could clasp with your hand those little white taper fingers of hers which lie so temptingly within reach, and so talk softly and low in the presence of the blaze, while the hours slip away without knowledge, and the winter winds whistle uncared for; if, in short, you were no bachelor, but the husband of some sweet image, would it not be far more pleasant than a cold, single night, sitting counting the hours, reckoning the length of the blaze and the height of the snow? Surely imagination would be stronger and purer if it could have the playful fancies of dawning womanhood to delight it. All toil would be torn from mind-labor if but another heart grew into the present soul, quickening it, charming it, cheering it, bidding it ever God-speed. Her face would make a halo rich as a rainbow, a stop of such noisome things as we, lonely souls, call trouble. Her smiles would illumine the blackest of crowded cases; and darkness, that now seats you despondent in your solitary chair for days together, weaving bitter fancies, dreaming bitter dreams, would grow light and thin, and spread and float away, chased by the beloved smile. Your friend, poor fellow, dies—never mind; that gentle clasp of her fingers, as she steals behind you, telling you not to weep, is worth ten friends. Your sister, sweet one, is dead—buried. It makes you think earth is nothing but a spot to dig graves upon. It is more; she says she will be a sister, and the waving curls, as she leans upon your shoulder, touch your cheek, and your wet eyes turn to meet those other ones—God has sent his angel, surely! Your mother, alas! she is gone. Is there any bitterness to a youth, alone and homeless, like this? But you are not homeless, you are not alone; she is there, her tears softening yours, her grief killing yours; and you live again to assuage that kind sorrow of hers. Then these children—rosy, fair-haired. No, they do not disturb you with their prattle now—they are yours. Toss away there, on the greensward; never mind the hyacinth, the snow-drops, the violets, if so be any are there; the perfume of these healthful lips is worth all the flowers in the world. No need to gather wild bouquets to love and cherish; flower and tree, all are dead things; things livelier hold your soul. And she, the mother, sweetest and fairest of all, watching, tending, caressing and loving, till your own heart grows pained and throbbing with tenderest jealousy, and tires itself with loving.

The Boy to Succeed.—A few years ago, a large firm in this city advertised for a boy. Next day the store was thronged by applicants, among them a queer-looking little fellow accompanied by a woman, who proved to be his aunt, in lieu of faithless parents, by whom he had been abandoned. Looking at this little waif, the merchant in the store promptly said: "Can't take him; places all full; besides he is too small." "I know he is small," said the woman, "but he is willing and faithful." There was a wrinkle in the boy's eyes, which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered to remark that he "did not see what they wanted of such a boy—he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider." But after a consultation the boy was sent to work. A few days later a call was made for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of the others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and

presently discovered his youthful *protege* busy assorting labels. "What are you doing?" said he. "I did not tell you to work nights." "I know you did not tell me so, but I thought I might as well be doing something." In the morning the cashier got orders "to double that boy's wages, for he is willing." Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and very naturally all hands in the store rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and entered at the rear door to seize something, but in a twinkling found himself firmly clutched by the diminutive clerk aforesaid, and, after a struggle, was captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles taken from other stores were recovered. When asked by the merchant why he staid behind to watch when all the others quit their work, the reply was, "You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay." Orders were immediately given once more: "Double that boy's wages; he is willing and faithful." To-day that boy is getting a salary of two thousand five hundred dollars, and next January will become a member of the firm. Young men, imitate that example.

All's Well that Ends Well.—We have read somewhere of an ingenious stratagem, devised by a French lady of fortune, for securing her husband. She kept herself very secluded from society, and gave out a report that she was frightfully ugly, as a counter-influence to her well-known wealth. As she was not accessible personally to her suitors, they, of course, had recourse to their *billet-doux*; and among these, one from Belgium pleased her fancy, and to his missive she replied. An interview was accorded, and the fortunate suitor proved to be a man of fortune also, and of noble character. When they met in her saloon, the lady wore a mask. She warned him not to risk his happiness by allying himself with one so deformed in face and feature. He replied, "Well, accept my hand, and never unmask but to the eye of your husband;" for he was so charmed with her sweet eloquence and grace of manner. "I consent," she replied. "I shall survive the appearance of affright and disgust—perhaps contempt—you may feel after marriage." "I will not shrink from the proof," said he. "It is your heart, not your figure that charms me." In a few days their marriage took place; and notwithstanding his refusal to accept it, the whole of her fortune was settled upon him. Returning from the altar she threw herself upon her knees before her husband, and placing her hand upon her mask, lifted it, exclaiming: "You have not deserved deformity; you merit the love of beauty." And a vision of angelic beauty now stood before him.

Men who win Women.—God has so made the sexes that women, like children, cling to men—lean upon them as though they were superior in mind and body. They make them the suns of systems, and their children revolve around them. Women who have good minds and pure hearts, want men to lean upon. Think of their reverencing a drunkard, a liar, a fool, or a libertine. If a man would have a woman to do him homage, he must be manly in every sense; a true gentleman, not after the Chesterfield school, but polite because his heart is full of kindness to all; one who treats her with respect, even deference, because she is a woman; who never condescends to say silly things to her; who brings her up to his level, if his mind is above hers; who is never over-anxious to do right; who has no time to be frivolous with her. Always dignified in speech and act; who never spends too much upon her; never yields to temptation, even if she puts it in his way; ambitious to make his mark in the world whether she encourages him or not; who is never familiar with her to the extent of being an adopted brother or cousin; who is not over-careful about dress; always pleasant and considerate, but always keeping his place of the man, the head, and never losing it. Such deportment, with noble principles, good mind, energy, and industry, will win any woman in the world who is worth winning.

For Husbands.—When a man has established a home, has a wife and children, the most important duties of his life have fairly begun. The errors of his youth may be obliterated, the faults of his early days may be overlooked; but from the moment of his marriage he commences to write an ineffaceable history; not by pen and ink, but by deeds, by which he must ever afterward be reported and judged. His conduct at home, his care for his family, the training of his children, his attentions to his wife, his devotion to the great interests of eternity; these are the tests by which his character will ever afterward be estimated by all who think or care about him. These will determine his position while living, and influence his memory when the grave has closed over him. And as he uses well or ill the brief space allotted to him, out of all eternity, to establish a fame founded upon the most solid of foundations—private worth—so will God and man judge of him. He holds in his hands the private weal and woe of wife and children; and if he abuses this most holy, God-given trust, he can not hope for mercy hereafter. Many a child goes astray, simply because home lacks sunshine. Many a wife esteems death her best friend, because he who swore before God to "love, honor and cherish" has forgotten his vows.

Self-Confidence.—When a crisis befalls you, and the emergency requires moral courage and manhood to meet it, be equal to the requirements of the moment and rise superior to the obstacles in your path. The universal testimony of men whose experience exactly coincides with yours furnishes the consoling reflection that difficulties may be ended by opposition. There is no blessing equal to the possession of a stout heart. The magnitude of the danger needs nothing more than a greater effort than ever at your hand. If you prove recreant in the hour of trial you are the worst of recreants, and deserve no compassion.

Be not dismayed nor unmanned when you should be bold and daring, unflinching and resolute. The cloud whose threatening murmurs you hear with dread is pregnant with blessings, and the frown whose sternness makes you shudder and tremble, will ere long be succeeded by a smile of bewitching sweetness and benignity. Then be strong and man-

ly, oppose equal forces to open difficulties, keep a stiff upper lip, and trust in Providence. Greatness can only be achieved by those who are tried. The condition of that achievement is confidence in one's self.

The Voice.—Nothing betrays so much as the voice, save perhaps the eyes, and they can be lowered, and so far their expression hidden. In moments of emotion no skill can hide the fact of disturbed feeling, though a strong will and the habit of self-control can steady the voice when else it would be falling and tremulous. But not the strongest will, nor the largest amount of self-control, can keep it natural as well as steady. It is deadened, valled, compressed like a wild creature tightly bound, and unnaturally still. One feels that it is done by an effort, and that if the strain were relaxed for a moment the wild creature would burst loose in rage or despair, and the voice would break out into the scream of passion, or quiver away into the falter of pathos. And this very effort is as eloquent as if there had been no holding down at all, and the voice had been left to its own impulse, unchecked. We all know the effect, irritating or soothing, which certain voices have over us; and also we have all experienced that strange impulse of attraction or repulsion which comes from the sound of the voice alone. And, generally, if not absolutely always, the impulse is a true one, and any modification which increased knowledge may produce, is never quite satisfactory. Certain voices grate on our nerves and set our teeth on an edge, and others are just as calming as these are irritating, quieting us like a composing draught, and setting vague images of beauty and pleasantness afloat in our brains. A good voice, calm in tone and musical in quality, is one of the essentials for a physician—the "bedside voice," which is nothing if it is not sympathetic by constitution. Not false, not made up, not sickly, but tender in itself, of a rather low pitch, well modulated, and distinctly harmonious in its tones, it is the very opposite of the orator's voice, which is artificial in its management and a made voice.

Echo-men.—There is no greater bore than an echo that repeats, assentingly, whatever one suggests or asserts. It is a nuisance to be always coincided with. A man of sense likes to argue his points and prove his positions. The whet-stone of opposition sharpens his wits; but if he be met with a continual affirmative iteration of his own words his game is blocked, and he is, so to speak, dumbfounded. On the contrary a sententious "No, I don't think so," puts a man on his mettle. If wrong, he has a chance of being set right; if right, of enjoying an honest triumph. To be in company with one who has no opinion but your opinion is as bad as being caged with a jackdaw. If you ask an individual in the habit of agreeing with everybody the reason of compliance, he may tell you, perhaps, that he hates controversy. Hates controversy! He might as well say he hates truth, for disputation is the the crucible in which the gold of truth is separated from the alloy of error. How many things were taken for granted in former ages that modern argument has shown to be mere fallacies. The grand object of a man of mind is to acquire knowledge; but he can learn nothing from those who are always ready to pin their faith on his sleeve without taking the trouble to think for themselves. We detest the snavity that is too polite to doubt, and the indifference that is too phlegmatic to argue.

The Talented Young Man.—In person the talented young man is tall and generally thin, with fair and rather lank hair, brushed behind his ears, and no beard, unless he be an English talented young man, when one on approaching becomes dimly conscious of a faint glory of side-whiskers. Talented young men from the continent of Europe, on the other hand, are usually bearded like a pard, and quite as averse to a change of raiment. But all alike wear glasses—which are so becoming, their lady acquaintances tell them in pretty raptures—and are all interestingly pallid, with deep-set, dreamy eyes, and fair, high brows, gently spread over with a cast of thought. They all smoke a great deal and drink as much as they can, being easily fuddled, whereby they gain the reputation among their female friends of being very wild fellows indeed, and are sometimes, in moments of sweet confidence, gently reproved for their excesses, when they smile sadly, and shake a deprecating head, as much as to say it is the fate of genius. The talented young man is not often a dandy; he rather affects a certain disorder in his apparel, which shall single him out from the common herd, and so gain him the proud distinction which is the chief aim of his ambition—to be inquired after and pointed out as the talented Mr. Snooks.

A Good Example.—To all thoughtful young women everywhere we commend the following, clipped from the Vermont Chronicle. The example it gives ought to be followed by all girls, in reference to all young men of any evil practices whatsoever. "Why did you not take the arm of my brother last night?" said a young lady to her friend, a very intelligent girl, about nineteen, in a large town near Lake Ontario. She replied: "Because I know him to be a licentious young man." "Nonsense!" was the answer of the sister; "if you refuse the attentions of all licentious young men, you will have none, I can assure you." "Very well," said her friend, "then I can dispense with them altogether, for my resolution on the subject is unalterably fixed." How long would it take to revolutionize society—and for the better—were all young ladies to adopt this resolution?

Marriage of Widows.—The frequent marriage of widows seems to have been always more or less discouraged, men being allowed in this respect much greater liberty; but St. Jerome mentioned a widow who married her twenty-second husband, he in his turn having been married to twenty successive wives. The championship appears, however, to belong to a Harlem woman spoken of by Evelyn in his Diary, whose propensity for remarrying had to be checked by law: "She had been married to her twenty-fifth husband, and being now a widow, was prohibited to marry in future."

BACHELOR'S HALL.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Dear Kate, since I'm here all alone,
You are anxious to know how I live,
What wonderful kitchen-like things,
A man like myself can achieve;
I've done little to brag of at best,
For 'tis very much out of my sphere,
And my principal part in the past,
Has been eating, not cooking—that's clear.

This morning I toasted some bread,
Which I thought would be nice with my tea,
But my hopes were all knocked in the head,
For it burnt as black as could be;
In knocking the cups from the table,
I seem to be getting expert,
And I just dropped a crock on my foot,
Whereby I got woefully hurt.

I often have scalded my fingers,
And burnt them in putting in wood,
Just now I picked up a hot stew-pan,
Which I dropped, as I certainly should;
The things I get done are well done,
But carrying is really a bore,
For I often get part on the table,
And not more than half on the floor.

Sometimes I put into the stove
Some potatoes not cut up but whole,
But when I look for them, oh, Jove!
I find them all turned into coal.
Sometimes I put sugar on meat,
And forget and put salt in my tea—
It might make a nice drink for some,
But it never will do for me.

Often my appetite speaks
For a little fried white fish, done brown,
Which I put in the skillet with lard
Enough to grease the whole town;
After frying four hours by the watch,
Till my hunger's beginning to choke,
I find to my palate's despair,
I'd forgotten to put it to soak.

My beefsteak I never can "chaw,"
It is so inexpressibly tough,
That ere it could get to my craw,
I owned I had really enough.
And the eggs which I boil are so hard,
I scarcely can break with a beater—
And, oh, if I really had
The old hen that laid them I'd eat her.

This morning while frying some pork,
I picked up a book to pass time,
In which I read something of love,
In verses of excellent rhyme;
In a fit of abstraction led off,
By the queer, pretty fancies that fill it,
I laid the book down on the stove,
And began to read out of the skillet.

All things seem to go the wrong way—
The tea often goes in my bosom,
The potatoes oft go in my pocket,
As if they're afraid that I'll use 'em;
And cake that I usually get
From the baker's is nothing but dough—
A note which in music sounds well;
But I'll vow in this case it ain't so.

To sum up all things my comfort is small,
And I'm weary of keeping a bachelor's hall.

Washington Whitehorn's

ANSWERS TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRESPONDENTS.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS.—When you are in love you experience a great deal of tenderness about the heart and about the head—especially the head, and heartily wish you had something better than the earth to walk upon. You feel as if your debts were paid and that you could freely forgive every person whom you had ever wronged. You wouldn't be a bird if you could. Of course the world belongs to you, but if your title to that brown-stone mansion up-town was a little clearer you would be better satisfied. Your landlord begins to realize a little profit from your board. Large adjectives become very prominent features in your every-day thoughts. You run to every fire, hoping to achieve immortal renown by climbing a lightning-rod to the fourth story, thereby saving some despairing female womanity. Tight pants and tight boots begin to flourish.—The old gentleman's boots flourish soon, too.

C. W.—We never were drunk but once and then we got that way on mince-pies—they had a little too much brandy in them. Since then our favorite drink has been mince-pies. We like them pretty thin.

D.—We advise you not to feel that you are particularly brilliant because the young ladies make light of you.

JAKE.—Yes, indeed, some of our State Legislatures are exactly like Promethens, because they are bound to caucus-us.

ERNEST.—The principal rhymes lovers use run somewhat like this—heart with dart; love with dove; kiss with bliss; waist with embraced; eyes with skies; hair with fair; gate with late; ankles with rankles; form with charm; fingers with fingers; words with birds; smile with beguile; glance with trance; name with claim; breast with distress; jealous with fellows; slight with blight; sigh with die; scorn with mourn; cold with toll'd, and so on down to the Insane Asylum.

ANNA.—If you are too fleshy we advise you to fall in love with another girl's lover: there is nothing so reducing as this. It is bad, but it is good.

B. T.—You write such a running band we can hardly catch up with it. You will find England laid down on most maps of Europe. It is supposed to be an island, and is entirely surrounded by the Alabama claims. It's sovereign has a crown, but we don't think the crown has a sovereign. The general characteristics of the country are ale and roast-beef. It is generally thought that the kingdom instead of being founded on a rock, is founded on a rocker. The lawyers and doctors are all Fee-nians.

PUBLISHER.—We never wrote but one novel, and that was so powerful that it brought tears to the eyes just to look at the back of it. Everybody cried who read it. Children forgot to cry for bread, and wives forgot to cry for that immortal new bonnet. Oh, it was wonderful! The rivers rose, and the very bridges shed tears. The plot was very deeply laid; yes, it was laid away down in a coal mine. People would forget themselves reading it, and sit down on red-hot stoves, and never know the difference. The authorities were obliged at last to exterminate it. We are not allowed to write any more.

JIM.—We advise you not to be down in the mouth because you have no down above your mouth; neither feel bad because you are becoming bald. It shows you are a victim of early pity. Moreover, people who doubted that you had a head can now see it through your hair.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Maud's Secret.

BY R. H. EASTERBROOKS.

"I WILL act as you wish," said West Trevilian, softly, to the dying man who lay, almost breathless, before him.

"Then call Maud," answered the sufferer, faintly; "and while I explain to the poor child, go you for a minister, and have the thing over with as quickly as possible."

Trevilian left the room, but in a moment returned, half-leading, half-dragging a girl, some seventeen or eighteen years old, with features so swollen from constant weeping as to be almost unrecognizable.

"Maud, come here," and Colonel Mordaunt held out his attenuated hand.

With a little cry—half sob, half shriek—she broke from Trevilian's clasp, while the handsome fellow, suppressing a sigh of something like disgust, walked quickly from the room.

"Now, Maud," began her father, gently, "I have but a few hours longer to live—hush!" as she shrieked impetuously. "You have not a relative on earth but me, and before I go I wish to provide you with a protector, in whose care I can place you without a single doubt. Trevilian is the only one I trust implicitly, and I can die content knowing him to be my daughter's husband."

Maud understood him thoroughly; and, too much overwhelmed by grief to make any objection to his wishes, even had she felt inclined, sobbingly acquiesced in all his arrangements for her future happiness. In a few moments, Trevilian returned with a clergyman, and in a short time the couple were pronounced man and wife.

Colonel Mordaunt died that afternoon. For weeks Maud gave herself up to her terrible agony, refusing consolation and company, seeing no one but her old nurse Vashti, who had ever been the spoiled child's only confidant. She had obstinately refused to attend the funeral, and West Trevilian's aristocratic nature revolted, despite himself, from the bride who so ignorantly or willfully defied one of our most important social customs.

At last he sent for her to join him in the library—sent a message so worded that she could not well disregard it; so, all unheeding poor old Vashti's pleading to "fix herself up a bit," she hurried down stairs, half-hoping, now the first paroxysms of her grief were over, that he would in some way comfort her. But no; one look into the unconsciously contemptuous face which regarded her tangled, disheveled hair, tear-stained, swollen face, and untidy wardrobe, dispelled that idea, and after one little despairing heart-throb, all her Southern defiance rose at his evident aversion. Without noticing the chair he politely proffered, she waited for him to speak.

"I sent for you," he began, "in order to arrive, if possible, at some understanding of our real position. I loved your father, and married you in accordance with his wishes; but—"

"Oh, I understand," she interrupted, with impetuous sarcasm. "Please don't hesitate from any consideration of my feelings. You dislike me, and I hate you—HATE! do you understand?" and her little foot came violently down upon the floor.

"Perfectly," he answered, surveying the passionate creature ironically. "But you and I are man and wife in the eyes of the world, and in order to be decent, must conceal such outward demonstrations as those you have just favored me with. I will be your guardian and protector, but not your husband. You will please be as civil as possible in the presence of others, and I apprehend there will be little need of our being alone together very much."

Maud was quite as proud as he. His cool irony had taught her a lesson which would repress, in future, any of the passionate ebullitions to which she was prone.

"Very well, sir," she replied, haughtily. "There is, I presume, no necessity for further conversation on the subject?"

He liked her better for this change in her manner. He could appreciate the feeling which prompted it, and was pleasantly disappointed in discovering that she could be dignified when occasion demanded; so he answered:

"I presume not, unless you wish to remain and amuse yourself"—with a glance at the book-lined walls.

"No," she replied, turning away; "I have neither the time nor inclination to be amused this morning."

He stepped forward and opened the door. She received the civility with a bow quite as courteous as his own, and passed out. She was young, but neither stupid nor ignorant. Her education was complete, and her mental and intellectual resources were quite equal to those of women of thirty. West Trevilian knew nothing of this. She had been summoned from the South to attend her father's death-bed. He had met her but two or three times, and then under the most unfavorable circumstances,

so that his opinion was far from being a correct one.

Aroused somewhat from her grief by his manner and treatment, Maud, that afternoon, arrayed herself with great care, bathed her face and eyes until the traces of tears had entirely disappeared, and seated herself at the dinner-table, with a firm resolve that her husband should not be ashamed of her.

He entered the dining-room with two friends, expecting that, as usual, she would desire her meals sent up; but no! there she sat, perfectly self-possessed. For once in his life, Trevilian was astonished.

Maud was neither homely nor uninteresting, and it was with a feeling rather different from that with which he had hitherto regarded her, that he introduced her to his companions. However, he was a man of intellect, and, as the conversation began to turn upon literature, language, etc., he felt rather "skittish," fearing they were getting beyond Maud's depth. She noted this with an amused smile, and by one brilliant sentence succeeded in convincing him that there was no cause for fear.

Their visitors left at a late hour, very much pleased with Mrs. Trevilian. West was absolutely stupefied, but her chilly "Good-night" effectually forbade any expression of surprise.

For months matters went on in this manner. In public they were apparently a splendid match. He escorted her to the theater, opera and ball; she entertained his friends at home; but alone, they were icy, although, so obstinate is the human heart, each had learned to love the other devotedly.

At last, West could stand it no longer! Her constant indifference galled him terribly, and, unconscious that her feelings had experienced any change, he felt that absence was the only thing which could afford him any relief. So, one day, at the table, he said, calmly:

"Maud, I start for Europe next week."

Her hand trembled, but otherwise she was perfectly composed as she answered:

"For months matters went on in this manner. In public they were apparently a splendid match. He escorted her to the theater, opera and ball; she entertained his friends at home; but alone, they were icy, although, so obstinate is the human heart, each had learned to love the other devotedly."

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Wild Nathan:

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANGER.

BY PAUL J. PRESCOTT.

CHAPTER III—CONTINUED.

"Whoop!" screamed Wild Nathan, making every sound the human voice can compass.

"Who-o-o-p! Hel-l-l-oo!"

The stranger seemed to hear, for he stopped to listen.

"Hello! Whoop! Hel-l-oo!" yelled the trapper, growing black in the face with his efforts. "He hears!" he ejaculated, joyfully, as the stranger turned toward him. "He hears, an' I'm out of this trap!"

The stranger approached to within a few hundred yards of the cliff, and then, not being able to see any one, shouted.

"Up here," answered Wild Nathan. "I'm dished, an' would like yer distinguished consideration on the best way tew git out."

The stranger looked up, and after taking a somewhat protracted survey of the situation, called out:

"Well, you are in a not over-pleasant place. Been there long?"

"Ever since the night before last," returned Nathan. "Can ye lend a feller a helpin' paw?"

"Certainly," replied the other, heartily; "but how is it to be done? Some sort of a rope is needed."

"Sartin," responded the trapper. "Must have one. Don't scarcely think ye can step up here, nor I can't step down. Ye can git a rope an' let it down from above."

"But the rope?" said the other. "If I had an ax, I could peel some bark, and make one of that; but—"

"I've got one," interrupted the trapper. "Thar it comes!"

The hungry trapper watched it eagerly, and when done, lost no time in disposing of a considerable piece of it.

"Thet was good," he ejaculated, wiping his mouth; "an' now, as it's 'bout sundown, I guess we'd better be lookin' round for night-quarters, specially as we're in pretty open ground, an' thar may be red-skins about. Thet grove, half a mile off, is a good place. What ye say?"

"I think we had better go there," responded Wayne. "I wish I could find my friends."

"Yer friends?" said the trapper, inquiringly. "I hain't asked ye how ye come tew be pokin' round here alone. How was it? Ye ain't trap-pin' alone?"

Kent then went on to relate his adventures, and when he was done, the trapper remarked:

"Wal, they are not far from the South Pass, by this time. As I hain't got nothin' tew dew, an' no hoss, I don't mind goin' with ye to 'em. We can stay here till airly to-morrow mornin', an' then we can push on an' overtake 'em. Can't really say that I can 'preciate this trampin' round on foot. I'll pay them Injuns for takin' my horse an' puttin' me in thet trap. They'll wish they'd died when they war young."

Kent laughed at the trapper's earnest manner and emphatic nods, and said:

"I don't blame you for feeling rather hard toward them about it. It would have been a fearful death, to die of starvation and thirst."

The trapper's face contracted.

"I've had more cause than thet tew feel hard toward the red brutes. I owe 'em a debt, an' for ten years I've been makin' payments on it, an' hain't begun yit."

The grove was soon reached, and selecting a suitable spot, the men prepared to encamp for the night.

About nine o'clock a storm came up; the thunder rolled and the lightnings flashed vividly. Torrents of rain came down, and the wind rocked the trees fearfully, sometimes breaking off a limb, and hurling it down in close proximity to our friends, who experienced some discomfort and inconvenience from the raging elements, being without blankets, and obliged to endure the soaking rain.

The storm was of short duration. In an hour the rain had ceased, and a few faint stars struggled thro' the broken clouds, looking, to the young man's sleepy vision, as the wind-stirred boughs alternately hid and revealed them, like so many erratic fire-flies, that danced and gamboled among the swaying leaves; but even these were finally lost in slumber.

The morning broke clear and shining. Kent was awakened by a rough shake, and the voice of Nathan telling him, "it war time they war trampin'."

Starting up, he saw that it was full day-break. Rubbing his eyes, he arose and obeyed the trapper's advice to have "a toothful of bufler-hump," which he already had cooked.

After eating their breakfast, they started toward the South Pass, Wild Nathan saying that the emigrants would probably be there, or near there, so they could find them by night.

"If you only had a horse, we could travel much faster," said Kent, as he mounted. "As it is, we will have to change occasionally."

"I kin keep up with ye, as fast as ye'll care tew go," replied the trapper, striding away.

And he did. His immense strides were laughably grotesque, and his appearance, as his tall, lank figure glided over the ground, was ludicrous in the extreme.

Changing occasionally to take turns in walking, and stopping only long enough for dinner, sundown found them in a small wood near the emigrant-trail, and not far east of the pass.

"If they have gone ahead of us, it will be unfortunate," said Kent, as they wound along through the woods.

"They hain't," said Wild Nathan, clambering over a huge log, rather than go round it, as Kent was forced to do, being mounted. "From whar ye said they war when ye left 'em, they hain't more'n got here. Emigrants must allers camp in these woods, ef they git along here anywhar near night, 'cause, ye see, they couldn't git through the pass by night. No danger but what we'll find 'em."

"I dare say they will be surprised to see me, as no doubt they have given me up for lost," said Kent, his thoughts reverting to Marion Verne, and wondering if she would sorrow if she should never see him again.

"Don't doubt it," said Nathan. "I rather think—Hark, whar's that?"

Both men stopped and listened attentively. The sun was down, and the forest beginning to grow shadowy. At first they could hear nothing, and then suddenly a slight crashing of brush at a little distance drew their attention. For a moment all was still; then they heard the noise again, this time accompanied with the sound of footsteps, which rapidly approached, and, in another minute, an unmistakable son of Ham, of the darkest type, came in view, tearing along at a two-forty pace, oblivious of them and every thing else, apparently, and muttering away to his familiar spirit, in the very extremity of fear.

The stranger took the hatchet, and tethering his horse, fell to work with a will. It was a long task, however, and the sun was not far above the mountain-tops, when the rope was of sufficient length and stoutness to answer the purpose required.

"It's done," called out the laborer. "Half an hour longer, and you will be a free man. It will be no small task to climb the mountain."

He took a survey of the cliff, and then, going several hundred yards to the right, began the ascent. It was a tortuous, winding, rocky way, and it was some time before he arrived, panting and somewhat exhausted, at the top.

Securing the rope firmly, he let it down.

"Is it long enough?" he called down.

"Plenty. Touches the ground. Hurrah!"

The trapper, lashing his rifle to his back, grasped the rope, and steadying himself, slid slowly to the ground, where he arrived considerably sooner than the stranger, and stood rubbing his nearly-blistered hands when his deliverer appeared.

"All right!" he exclaimed, with a nod, and giving his suspenders a hitch, took a stride forward and extended his hand. "Give us yer paw. Ye've got me out of a rather nice situation, an' I'm corresponden'ly grateful. What mought yer name be, stranger?"

"Wayne Kent," responded the other; "whar's yours?"

"Nathan Rogers, more commonly called Wild Nathan," replied the trapper; "maybe ye've heard of me."

"I have," replied Kent, "and am glad to be able to offer you assistance. You look tired."

"Tired! Stranger, I don't know the meanin' of the word when I can git any thing tew eat; but, jist at present, I hain't hed a toothful in three days. I'm holler clean tew my boot-heels. Got any thing eatable?"

"Yes, I have a piece of buffalo-hump. I shot one this mornin'," replied Wayne, disengaging the meat from his saddle, and preparing to cook it.

A fire was soon kindled beside a log, and the meat stewing and sputtering on a stick beside it.



"Hello, thar!" shouted Nathan, "whar are ye percpitatin' yerself tew, at thet rate?" The darky never looked up, only muttered something unintelligible, and, if possible, increased his gait.

"Hold on, I say," cried the trapper; "what on airth are ye locomotin' so fast for? Jest stop a bit!"

Seeing that the negro made no motion toward halting, the trapper, with a bound, cleared the distance between them, and grasped him by the collar.

"What's the matter? What ye runnin' so for? Ye needn't be so all-fired scart; I ain't an Injun, but a full-blooded white man, an' a handsome one, at thet. Jist down brakes, an' ease up a liddle on yer speed!"

"Hol—hold on, sah—I mean, let go!" roared the darky. "Dar's more'n ten hundred Injuns back yender, an' dis chile hain't any notion to lose his scalp. It's de solemn fac', sah. O-o-h! dar's one ob de 'fernal cusses now, an' dis chile am a goner!" he cried, catching sight of Kent, who was laughing till he could hardly keep his saddle.

"Nonsense, Scip," said the young man, as soon as he could speak; "don't you know me?"

The darky straightened himself up, and rolling his eyes toward Kent with a laughable look of relief, in which terror yet had a prominent part, ejaculated:

"Am it reely you, sah? Laws, I thort you was an Injun. Anyhow, sah, dar is lots of 'em behind. Mass'r Vic is dar, an' I hain't no sort o' doubt but whar he's dewoured long 'go. Hi, dar dey comes!" and the frightened African made a frantic plunge, as the sound of footsteps was heard approaching.

The trapper held him fast, and in an instant Vic Potter strode into the opening. Seeing Kent, he stopped at once, his face expressive of his glad surprise.

"Hello, my boy! I'm mighty glad tew see ye. I war 'beont sartin that the Injuns hed done for ye. If yer comrad' thar—Varmints! Is that yer, Nathan Rogers?"

"Wal, I reckon it are," replied Nathan, loosening his hold of the darky, and advancing with a broad grin; "an' ef thet ain't Vic Potter, then skiu me for a grizzly! How are ye?"

"Hearty," replied Vic, grasping the extended hand; "did ye ever know Vic tew be any thing else? How dew ye come on, arter three years?"

"Smilin' as a May mornin'," replied Nathan.

"What was it scart this fellar out of his seven senses? Injuns?"

"Wal," said Vic, "I've a notion thar's some 'bout, an' has been for sev'ral days; but we didn't see any thing only some tracks; an' that, on top of a raisin'-ha'r story I've jist been gittin' off, started him. Varmints! but he measured sile without wastin' time!"

"I should rather think he did," said Wild Nathan, laughing. "Whar's yer camp?"

"Bout forty rods off," was the reply; "let's turn toes that way. Jist 'tween us, now, I shouldn't wonder if we had a scrimmage 'fore mornin'. They're round."

"Seen any, Vic?" asked Kent.

"No, hain't seen any, but I've seen signs, which are all the same. I told the train they'd better be cautious, an' not wander off fur, an' keep track of the young ones. They are not fur off, an' I know it."

"I shouldn't wonder ef it war the same ones thet sarked me thet ongentlemanly trick," said Nathan. "Ef it are, an' I git at 'em, they'll wish they'd not made my acquaintance."

"Hark!"

It was the wild, piercing scream of a female, for help, and sounded in the direction of the emigrant camp.

Twice it was repeated—each time more wild and despairing than before; then all was still.

CHAPTER IV. LOST MARION.

"Injuns thar! Come on, boys!" cried Nathan, as he dashed away at the top of his speed. Vic and Kent followed, leaving the quaking Scip behind, and soon arrived at the edge of the wood, in view of the emigrants, who were running hither and thither in the wildest confusion and alarm.

A group of girls stood near, crying hysterically.

"What's up?" cried Wild Nathan, bounding into the center of the confused camp.

"The Indians have carried off Marion!" sobbed one of the girls, while the others huddled together with frightened faces, and fearful glances toward the darkening woods.

"How?" "When?" "Where?" were the questions asked, simultaneously, by the excited men, who at length drew from the frightened girls the following facts:

Marion Verne, in company with half a dozen other girls, had been strolling about in the grove, and tempted by the beauty of the scene, and the lovely and varied flowers that constantly met their view, they had wandered further into the woods than they had intended, or thought they were doing.

Noticing, at last, that it was growing dusk, they turned to retrace their steps, when a small band of savages sprung from the bushes, and seizing Marion, who was a little in the rear of the others, disappeared in the woods before the poor girl could hardly comprehend her fearful situation. The other girls ran crying in the direction of camp, and had only just arrived there when the men came up.

It was now deep darkness, and for a moment every one stood irresolute, trying to think what to do. Wild Nathan was the first to speak.

"It never'll dew tew stan' here an' think about it," were his first words. "While we're thinkin', the reds are actin', an' ef we stan' here idle long, we'll run a good chance to be in the gal's place."

"Fact," said Vic Potter; "tharfore, fix yerselves tew welcome the painted devils."

For a while the emigrants worked with a will, and half an hour later every thing was in the best possible shape for defense.

Guards were stationed every few rods, on every side, and Wild Nathan took his stand on the side from which the most danger was apprehended.

Vic occupied his time in standing sentinel, and occasionally taking the rounds of the camp, to see that every man was in his place, and every thing as it should be. But the long night wore wearily away, and the morning dawn came, showing the wide prairie and woodland from which the light was fast dispelling the shadows, but no signs of the dreaded enemy.

"It's about as well for them that they didn't tackle us," said Wild Nathan.

"It's about as well for us, I guess," said one of the men. "We are only sixty, all told, and there is no doubt hundreds of the Indians."

"Wal," said Nathan, shutting one eye, and aiming a tobacco-spit directly at the tip of a small dog's tail, "it's jist as well for them, anyhow, for thar'd be about two dozen less 'live an' kickin', at this present speakin', on my account merely."

"Do you think you could dispatch that number in one fight?" asked Kent, smiling at the trapper's remark.

"I am equal to an indefinite an' uncalculated number of 'em," responded the trapper, "an' answer in the place of meat, vittals an' drink tew 'em. I kalkerlate," he added, squinting along his rifle-barrel, and waiting to draw a fine sight on a large eagle overhead—"I kalkerlate thet I save about five hundred bufflers every year, by removin' thar natural enemies, which ain't qualified, so to say, to live on any thing but buffler, an' whar they git for the hides. Thet eagle's tew fur off tew shoot, ain't he?"

"Laws!" said Scip, who stood near, listening in wonder to the trapper's words, "did ye ever kill emny Injuns, sah?"

The trapper turned, and drawing his tall, ungainly form to its full height, gazed on the negro in dead silence, for a few moments, evidently too much astonished to speak, at this exhibition of ignorance and apparent incredulity.

"Africa," he said, solemnly, after an impressive pause, "did ye ever eat any pertaters?"

"Reckon I hab," said Scip, with a broad grin, "bout forty bushels, sah, a year."

"Wal," continued the trapper, planting his rifle down solemnly, and gesticulating with his left hand, "I reckon thet for every pertater ye eat, I hev knocked down, tipped over, dragged out, scalped, mewedilled, an' otherwise disfigured one dozen Injuns. An' I'm good for as meny more."

During this address, Scip stood listening, with the grin on his black face gradually expanding, until, as Vic told him, his "mouth war in danger of runnin' inter his ears," and when the trapper finished speaking, he stood silent for a moment, evidently thinking how to express his opinion without giving offense. At last he broke out with:

"Sah, am dar any Injuns left?"

"Plenty of 'em," responded Nathan; "they're thicker'n skeeters in August."

"Wal, den," said Scip, after a moment, "I don't b'lieve ye ever killed a dozen for every tater I ever eat. Whar did ye do wid dar sculps, jest tell dis chile dat, will ye?"

Vic came up before the trapper had time to reply, and called him away to participate in a council, the result of which was that the train lay by, while twelve of the best men, led by Nathan Rogers, were to take the trail. After considerable trouble this was found, and traced for about thirty rods, where the captors had evidently joined a party of nearly or quite two hundred. From there the trail was so cleverly covered that when, after going a short distance, it struck a sandy tract, only partially grassed, it broke into three sections, thus baffling pursuit for a rescue.

The men returned to camp, when it was decided that pursuit was simply impossible; and with gloomy forebodings and sad hearts, the emigrant train prepared to move on. During these preparations, Wayne Kent stood a little apart in silence, his usually bright, frank face overclouded and troubled.

Wild Nathan stood near, watching the breaking up of camp, one elbow leaning on the saddle that covered the back of a large mustang, which he had procured from the train, and the other hand holding "Roarer," as he termed his rifle.

When every thing was ready, Vic shook hands with Nathan, saying:

"As I didn't engage tew guide the train only jist through the pass, I dare say ye'll see my ugly piter sometime in the course of a month. I'm kalkerlatin' ter trap up this way some-war."

"Come up on Deep Creek an' ye'll find me," said Wild Nathan; "the beaver is so thick thar, thet they cover the ground, an' thar tails lap by a piece. I'm bound for thar at this present speakin'."

"Will you take me along for company, Nathan?" asked Kent, suddenly. "If you want a companion, I will act in that capacity. I have some curiosity to try a trapper's life."

"Take ye along?" said the trapper. "In course! Yer as welcome as the posies, my boy, an' I hain't enny kind o' doubt but whar, in time, ye'll git tew know a thing or two about Injuns. All ready tew go?"

"Yes," was the response: "all ready, and waiting."

Bidding the emigrants good-by, the two men rode away, and were soon out of sight of the long train of white wagons left behind. For some time Kent was silent and thoughtful. He was thinking of Marion Verne, and wondering what her fate was. A desire to find, or at least be near her, had led him to stay with Wild Nathan, rather than any great love for trapping, though it was curiosity to try life in the wilderness that led him to leave his home in Ohio and join the train. It was there he first saw Marion Verne, an orphan, who, in company with one of her mother's sisters, was going to California. His musings were suddenly brought to an end by Wild Nathan exclaiming:

"Thar's suthin' off yender. It's Injuns tew, but they don't see us. I'll snatch 'em bald-headed if they cum clus enough."

"The party appears to be a very small one," said Kent, rising in his stirrups to look at the distant object which was so far off as to look to him like an indistinct mass, which might be buffalo, or Indians, or whites, though Wild Nathan declared it was a party of seven Indians.

"My eyes are purty considerable sharp," he said, in answer to Kent's wondering remark, concerning the keenness of his vision. "In fact I never jist saw the man who could see as fur as I could. Them Injuns are goin' off north. I'd like tew have a chance tew spile sev'ral of thar purty picters. Blast thar karkasses, anyhow!"

"Nathan," said Kent, suddenly, "what makes you feel so bitter a hatred of the Indians?"

"Beavers!" ejaculated the trapper. "I should think I'd hed reason. Younker, ten year ago I hed a little cabin an' a wife an' tew children. I war livin' peaceably an' mindin' my own consarns. One night a band of Injuns come, took me prisoner, an' butchered my wife an' children afore my very eyes. Then they burnt my cabin, an' took me off for torture. I got away the second night, an' left seven dead red-skins as part pay. Since then, I've been an Injun-hater, an' I'll lift the head-gear off of every red devil thet I cum across."

The trapper relapsed into silence, and spoke no more until they came upon several buffalo, feeding at some distance from the main herd. One of these the old trapper shot, and, after securing a considerable quantity of the meat, they again rode on, and sunset found them near Deep Creek, a small stream that had its source in the mountains, and after making a winding course for many miles, was finally lost in the Sweet-water river.

Wild Nathan halted at a little distance from the stream, among a thick growth of timber.

"Guess we'll stop here. The yer hoss an' I'll show ye my den. This ar 'bout as nice scenery as ye generally find. This stream hurryin' along over the stuns, an' the woods here, an' the mount'ins up thar—I can't see how any one can like the towns. Give me the wild peraries, an' the woods, an' mount'ins, an' git away with yer towns an' cities! Here, foller me."

The two men turned back from the stream, and pursued a narrow, deep ravine, extending back toward the mountains that towered above them; the sides of which were covered with luxuriant bushes and wild vines tangled about them, often forming impenetrable thickets.

Among these the men advanced, the trapper leading the way, and neither of them aware of the dark face that looked after them from a thicket of bushes, nor the pair of malignant eyes that followed their movements with such keen scrutiny.

The trapper continued up the ravine the distance of ten rods, and then thrusting aside the thick vines from one side, removed a large stone, revealing a small, dark opening. Into this he crept, hastily calling Kent to follow.

The young man obeyed, and in an instant the stone slid into its place, and the twisted vines, relieved of its support, fell down over it, effectually concealing all trace of the opening.

A moment after, the bushes, a few yards off, parted slowly, and the dusky face became visible. For many minutes the glittering eyes gazed about, and then a look of disappointment succeeded the previous one of triumph. After remaining in silence for a short time the savage cautiously ventured forth. He had lost sight of the men and was trying to regain the lost clue. Stepping carefully forward, he bent down and earnestly examined the ground. But he was foiled; the ground betrayed no print of footsteps. After searching vainly for some time, the baffled Indian turned and strode away, shaking his tomahawk in futile rage at the silent covert behind him.

CHAPTER V. THE HOLE IN THE HILL.

"Total darkness down here, isn't there?" said Kent, putting out his hand to see how wide the passage was, and finding hard walls within a foot of where he stood.

"Yes," answered Wild Nathan; "but thet's nothin'. Foller yer nose, and I'll foller you."

The young man cautiously advanced, feeling his way, and after going some ten paces, suddenly emerged into a cavern—how large it was impossible to tell, owing to the darkness. It was evident, however, that there was somewhere a communication with the outer world, as the air was not stifling or mephitic, as usual in caves, but quite fresh and agreeable.

"Do we stop here?" asked Kent.

"Yes; I'll have a light in about a minnit," replied the trapper, groping about in search of some torchwood, which he soon found and lighted, revealing the size of the cave. It was a small, oval-shaped room not more than sixteen feet in length, and proportionately narrow. On two sides there was a small recess, beyond which were several openings or chambers communicating with each other by rugged passages, some of which were several rods in length—mere rifts in the rock.

Kent amused himself with looking at the different rooms, while the trapper built a small fire, and went out to take the horses to a more secure place. In one of the chambers adjoining the first cavern was a small pool of clear, cold water on one side, evidently a living spring, for the water ran bubbling over the stones, disappearing on the other side of the cave. The curious Kent followed the passages from one cave to another until he had passed five, and then came to a large hall or room, with which the cavern terminated. After examining these several subterranean wonders as well as the dim light would permit, the explorer returned to the outer room, and sat down to await Wild Nat's return.

It was some time before the trapper returned, and when he made his appearance his usually long face was considerably elongated.

"What is the matter?" asked his companion, noticing the hunter's looks.

"Wal, sir," said Wild Nathan, "jst tew tell the truth in plain language, kalkulated for everybody's understandin', thar's an Injun been

doggin' our steps. Gallinippers an' centerpedes! I'd like tew scratch his bald head!"

Kent smiled, despite his anxiety, at the trapper's manner, and said:

"Dogging our steps, eh? How did you find it out?"

"Found out by virtue of my opptickles, in course! When I went out I see sign plenty—broken twigs an' misplaced bushes thet I knew dogoned well we didn't dew, an' then I perceeded tew look about a liddle, an' on lookin' about I see the catapiller's tracks. Yas, I did."

"Do you think he saw us come in here?" asked Kent.

"Can't say," replied Nat. "Might or mightn't ag'in. I'm sumwhat afeard he did. But, ef he did, an' I git a chance at him, I'll bet a holler cottonwood full of beaver-tails thet he'll wish he'd died afore he saw me."

"What will be the consequence if he has seen us?" asked Wayne.

"Be down on us with a whole tribe, like bagpipes and wolf preachin'; but I'm not goin' tew leave this place jist yet, till I see. When I pre-empt a spot, I generally squat thar for sum time, as I shell on this present occasion, ef nothin' turns up wuss'n a red nigger's moccasin. Let's have a liddle grub. I'm ginnin' tew feel empty as an old sugar-cask."

Seizing the piece of broiled meat, the trapper tore it in twain and tossed his companion half. This being discussed, ere long they relapsed into slumber.

The next morning the two men were out early, setting traps.

"We'd better keep our opptickles peeled," said Nat, "or we might git sick with lead pills on the stomach. I presume tew say thet thar's copper-skinned 'round. Jist toss me over thet hatchet, will ye?"

When the traps were set, both men proceeded up the stream. As they were passing through a small open spot, they were suddenly surprised by half a dozen Indians, who rushed out at them from the bushes.

"Yahoo!" shouted Wild Nat. "Here's for a scrimmage. Come on, ye yaller-skinned alligators. I'm ekal tew any ten of ye!" and drawing his bowie-knife with his right hand, and his revolver with his left, he plunged at them, striking right and left, and firing at the same time.

Wayne, meantime, was not idle. With his rifle he brought down one of the savages, and then, as the other barrel was empty, he clubbed it, and swinging it about his head dealt blows right and left with terrible fury.

In a moment half the Indians were down, and the remainder, surprised and bewildered by the decision and effect with which they were met, when they had counted on a complete surprise, took to their heels and vanished in a twinkling.

"Party well done," said the trapper, coolly.

"We've unknivered four greasy nobbs, an' the rest, residew, an' remainder has measured sile. He! he! I guess they thought the climate warn't healthy—not adapted to thar peculiar constitutions, so tew speak. Let's lift ha'r."

"Heavens!" ejaculated Kent, "you are not going to scalp them?"

"I consider I be," returned the trapper. "Wild Nat Rogers ain't the fellar tew let 'em off with thar top-knots unmercersted. Kinder mortifies 'em, ye see, tew hev thar ha'r lifted, an' any thim' to morterfy a red nigger, I say."

"Only the savages practice that barbarity," said Kent. "Why are you better than they if you follow their customs?"

"By virtue of bein' born a white man," replied the trapper, proceeding to remove the scalps of the fallen foe, while his companion went aside, not caring to witness the operation.

The scalps the hunter carried to the cave, where he hung them up as "trophies," he said, "an' ter remind him of the scrimmage."

"Well," said Kent, "I'd rather the 'noble red-man' should keep away from here. I don't relish the idea of having them discover this cave, and likely enough keep us in here until we starve."

"I should object tew thet thing, myself," said the trapper, "but, I guess they won't find us. I've ockieped this domicile for several seasons, an' I hain't been walled in yet. Fact is," said the old hunter, waxing eloquent, "I never was born an' reared for the purpose of bein' killed by an Injun. I've lived in this kentry for a number of years, an' been in some four hundred an' thirty-two scrimmages, reckonin' it by arithmetickal progression, an' snatched some half-dozen copper-skinned bald-headed in each one; an' I'm now goin' on my fifty-tooth year, an' at this present speakin' I'm a whole individual, an' endowed with sartin unallunabable rights, among which is life, liberty, an' the pursuit of Injuns."

This was said while the old trapper proceeded with the manufacture of a pair of moccasins, which he "wanted tew fool the reds with. Ye see," he said, cutting away at the leather, "thar's Injuns 'round, an' I want tew scout a bit, an' seein' these moccasin-tracks they'll naterly suppose it's an Injun made the tracks."

Several days passed without any signs of Indians, and the young man was enjoying himself. This wild, free life greatly pleased him. He went and came, with no cares nor duties to hinder or perplex.

One day Wild Nat was busy cleaning his gun, which he averred had been "consarnidly bamboozled in some way. Why, it's a solemn fact, thet yesterday when I shot at thet wild turkey it held fire, an' it's suthin' I never done afore since I got it," he continued, giving the wiper a vicious jerk.

"Well," said Kent, taking up his rifle and examining the priming, "I believe I'll go out a while, and see if I can get a wild turkey. I can't say that I appreciate buffalo-hump as a regular diet."

He shouldered his rifle and started, followed by the trapper's warning words:

"Keep yer eyes open for Injuns, or they might ask ye to taste tomahawk. I don't doubt but they're 'round."

"All right; I will keep a sharp look-out," was answered, as the young man emerged from their retreat in the hill, and started up the ravine.

(To be Continued.)

(Continued from page 10.)
the side of the ravine, like rudely shaped pillars.

Fragments of rocks thrown together in several places at once, formed a frightful bridge over the ravine, but on my side so rugged and narrow as not to admit of my attempting it.

I could tell by the very trees on the opposite side of the valley that I could there have enjoyed "all the good things of this world," yet I was obliged to turn away in despair, for only near the sea-beach, on that desolate spur of land, could I hope to find such food as I, with my lack of utensils, could gather.

Passing through a narrow thicket before me, I found myself on a narrow strip of lawn grass, and face to face with two animals such as I at first thought I had never seen.

They were gently rubbing their heads together, and did not get a glimpse of me.

A second glance told me it was buck and doe of the elk species.

The one next to me, and which I chiefly noted, was a splendid animal, surpassing all the tame deer in appearance: indeed, quite as tall as a horse, and not weighing less than nine hundred pounds.

His neck was remarkably short and strong: a formation necessary to support the enormous palmed horns, weighing from fifty to sixty pounds. The head was about two feet in length, narrow and clumsily shaped; the eye was small and sunken, the ears long, hairy and asinine; the neck and withers were surrounded by an enormous mane; the throat was furnished with long, coarse hair, the body round, compact and short; the tail about four inches in length; the legs long and remarkably clean and firm.

While I admired the animal, I could not help thinking how I should like a piece for my supper.

Suddenly a whistling, hissing sound proclaimed that I was discovered. I knew the deer to be by nature timid, but that, when called upon to defend the doe, it will fight to the very death.

Darting into the wood, I saw it turn round and rush at me with furious gestures. Then away it went, with the doe at its side, as I thought bound on escape.

I watched it for some time, and thought it was about to disappear, when I perceived that it had left the doe, and was coming back, at a rattling pace, with the head up, so as to lay the horns horizontally on its back.

As there was no undergrowth or bushes in the wood, I had no protection from the enraged beast. A cold perspiration broke over me, as I at once took to my heels, running I knew not whither.

Soon I heard the strange noise of its joints close in my ear.

I was going at a fearful pace down a steep declivity, bent only on escape. I had thrown away my boomerang, but my knife was stuck in its sheath in my belt.

Closer and closer came the sound, and, although I dared not look round, I knew that in another instant I should be gored by the infuriated brute.

At that very moment, a terrible chasm seemed to yawn beneath my feet. I was on the edge of a precipice, with another precipice at a short distance on the other side. I fell, how I never knew, into the yawning gulf, felt myself immersed in water, went down, down, until I lost all consciousness.

When I came to my senses, my astonishment may be conceived. I was in a kind of pit, surrounded by perpendicular rocks, the lowest not less than twenty-five feet high, while, in my drenched, exhausted state, I saw no chance of ever getting away from it.

Clear water gushed from a gap in the rocks, within my reach, and drinking, I felt so revived that I began the ascent.

After six different attempts and failures I reached the summit. Rising on my hands and knees, I then looked for the animal which had so nearly cost me my life, and which, ultimately, I hoped to capture and bend to my uses.

There he was, not far off, yet seeing me not. Now I understood the extraordinary nature of my escape.

Leaning over the abyss, into which I had fallen, I discovered at its bottom a large pool, into which fell a stream.

The pool was shaped like a cauldron, while at one side was a hole, through which the water was carried into the pit where I had found myself.

I was so sore and wearied that I dared not stir, lest the elk should gore me to death. Knowing that I could not run, I placed myself near a ledge down which he could scarcely follow me.

All day I remained where I was, not daring to leave the place. At length, seeing the elk go off a little ways, I ventured to crawl along with my knife in my teeth. Then I heard the beast making for me again.

With a cry of anguish I rose, heading for some bushes.

As I fell headlong into the brake, the elk stopped. Instead of goring me, the animal started back, terrified and alarmed. Then away it went, making off at a great rate through the gloom of the night.

I looked up, and despite the black darkness, could make out some large beast, looming before me!

I sat up with a shriek of wild terror that rung far over rock and valley!

Saturday Talk.

Grecian Wives.—The wives of the Greeks lived in almost absolute seclusion. They were usually married when very young. Their occupations were to weave, to spin, to embroider, to superintend the household, to care for their sick slaves. They lived in a special and retired part of the house. The more wealthy seldom went abroad, and never except when accompanied by a female slave; never attended the public spectacles; receiving no male visitors except in the presence of their husbands, and had not even a seat at their own table when male guests were there. Their pre-eminent virtue was fidelity and it was probable that this was very strictly and

very generally observed. On the other hand, living as they did, almost exclusively among their female slaves, deprived of all the educating influence of male society, and having no place at those public spectacles which were the chief means of Athenian culture, their minds must necessarily have been exceedingly contracted. Thucydides doubtless expressed the prevailing sentiments of his countrymen when he said that the highest merit of woman is not to be spoken of either for good or evil, and Phidias illustrated the same theory when he represented the heavenly Aphrodite standing on a tortoise, typifying thereby the secluded life of a virtuous woman.

Grave to Gay.—The manager of a Berlin theater got up a drama in which a human head was to be offered to a tyrant. In order to produce as much effect as possible he resolved to use a human head. On the stage was placed a table covered with cloth. On the table was a basin, and an actor concealed under the cloth poked up a head through a hole in the table, so as to seem to be placed in the basin. The effect was prodigious. The audience applauded and trembled. Unluckily a wag, who had been strolling about the stage, sprinkled a spoonful of snuff on the basin, and just as the tyrant finished his address to the severed head of his enemy, the head replied by a hearty fit of sneezing, and changed the audience from "grave to gay" with remarkable expedition.

The Mocking Bird's Song.—Those who have never enjoyed the privilege of listening to the song of the mocking bird, pure and uncontaminated with imitations of the groarser sounds of cities and large towns, can form but a very inadequate conception of the wonderful beauty and variety, or of the rapid transitions, with which it will present in a few seconds the songs of an almost innumerable number of other birds. Our city-bred performer is wont to injure the beauty and harmony of its concerts by a grotesque intermixture of strange and inharmonious sounds. The crowing of a cock, the creaking of wheels, the scream and rattle of the distant locomotive, and other rude sounds from the streets, will often be heard blending with its sweetest notes. Yet nothing can well be imagined more marvelous in its beauties than the song—if we may use so poor and inexpressive a term—of this bird, when reared among its own native Alleghenies. It bears but a very faint resemblance to the melody, wonderful as it may be in its variety, of the demoralized mocking birds of our cities.

Periodic Oscillations of the Earth.—There is no reason to believe that internal oscillations of the earth are as periodic as external phenomena. In deep mining, from the hours of twelve at night until eight in the morning, water falls where none is seen during the day. The volume in the wheel is perceptibly increased, the atmosphere is charged with gases which prevent lights burning, and small particles of earth and rock, as in the Chicago tunnel, are observed to fall from the tops of the drives. Similar to this is the disturbance of the Atlantic telegraph, whose electric pulse beats slowly or rapidly in certain recurring hours.

Woman as Inventor.—The cotton-gin, one of the greatest mechanical triumphs of modern times, is due to a woman. Although the work on the model was done by the hands of Eli Whitney, the idea originated with Mrs. Greene, the widow of General Greene, of Revolutionary fame. The work was done in her house, under her immediate supervision. The wooden teeth first tried did not do the work well, and Whitney, despairing, was about to throw it one side, when Mrs. Greene, confident of ultimate success, proposed the substitution of wire. Whitney, thereupon, replaced the wooden by wire teeth, and within ten days from the first conception of Mrs. Greene's idea, a small model was completed. "This little model was of such perfect construction, that it has ever since stood as the model of all cotton-gins."

Beginning in Life.—Our fathers and our mothers were content to marry in a quiet way, begin life in humble, economical circumstances, and to gradually work up to the top of the ladder. Their children want to begin where their parents left off; to be ushered into matrimonial life with a royal wedding, and then live on an expensive scale. Unless a different public sentiment can be developed, we fear the present tendency of men to remain single will continue to increase, and ambitious mothers will experience more difficulty than ever in finding a market for their marriageable daughters.

Women's Right to Shave.—It has long been conceded that women had a right to shave if they wanted to, though it has not been deemed exactly desirable or proper. The onward march of events, however, has changed the public sentiment, and now it is beginning to be considered a very good thing for ladies to learn to shave—other people. That is just what she is doing in Chicago, where a "saloon" is opened, in which the pretty owners handle the razor. A Chicago paper says: "The enterprise has proved a success from the start, and the place is thronged with beard-growing fellows anxious to submit their faces to the soft and really skillful manipulations of the barberssees. The girls wear their blushing honors bravely and only once in a while draw a little blood. But the character of the customers is not of the highest order, consisting principally of swells and rowdies and fellows who never have a pure thought about a woman. Men at all fastidious would not care to be lathered by the same brush that had stroked the cheek of a rowdy hackman. Still, women should make very excellent handlers of the razor and shears, and when their employment becomes sufficiently common to be the rule rather than the exception, the present objections will be largely removed. It would be a pleasant thing to see the hundreds of soap-locket, empty-headed young men who now claim the proud title of barber turned out into the fields to give place to neat-handed, clever, honest girls, anxious to earn an honorable livelihood."

Sleep! Sleep!—The cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it has been more important, but it is often harder to get. The best rest comes from sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most moral, healthy and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, uneasiness. It will cure insanity. It will restore vigor to an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weary body. It will do much to cure dyspepsia, particularly that variety known as nervous dyspepsia. It will relieve the languor and prostration felt by consumptives. It will cure hypochondria. It will cure the blues. It will cure the headache. It will cure neuralgia. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure sorrow. Indeed, we might make a long list of nervous maladies that sleep will cure.

A Dog's Death.—A gentleman living in Wauwatosa, Wis., relates the following incident, for the truth of which he vouches: "One day last week a man went to a saloon, as was his daily custom, to drink, and meeting boon companions, remained with them till late at night, when he started to go home. Overcome by the liquor he had drank, the man laid

down on the railroad track and went to sleep. A faithful dog, who had followed the man, stood and watched over him, until the whistle of a locomotive in the distance showed that a freight-train was approaching. The dog, fully aware of the danger imminent to his master, tried to arouse the drunken man, and tore his clothes badly in the attempt. Unable to awake the sleeper, the dog took the man by the shoulder and fairly dragged him from the track just as the train came up. The man was saved, but the poor dog who had so faithfully protected the master he loved, was struck by the cow-catcher and smashed to pieces. When the man recovered his senses it was found that the flesh was bitten in several places by the dog, in the strong efforts made by the animal to save his life. The man the next day gathered up the pieces of the faithful animal and buried them. He was so fully impressed by the remarkably narrow escape from death that he has resolved not to get drunk again."

Mexican Gamblers.—They are most desperate gamblers, but as they play among themselves, and fairly, luck deserting at one time favors them at another, so they are not often ruined. A very wealthy man was sitting one afternoon in front of his house, taking the air, when he observed a peddler, whom he knew very well, looking intently at his premises; hailing him, he asked him what he was about, and what new peculiarity he had discovered in his mansion. "Oh," said the man, "I was only thinking that possibly some day the establishment may belong to me; especially as we Alamanians are very fond of cards, and luck often favors the poor man." Tinkled with the man's effrontery, and delighted to get some one to gamble with, he offered to lend him ten dollars, if he would sit down and take a hand; a proposition no Mexican was ever known to refuse. At it they went—became very much excited—the peddler won, won, and wanted to leave off, but his opponent would not hear of it, but insisted on doubling the stakes; at it they kept until daylight. The next morning the peddler rose from the table a winner of every penny the other possessed in the world—houses, land, stock, every thing.

Newspaper Influence.—Ralph Waldo Emerson says: "Show us an intelligent family of boys and girls, and we will show you a family where newspapers and periodicals are plenty. Nobody who has been without these private tutors can know their educating power for good or evil. Have you ever a thought of the innumerable topics of discussion which they suggest at the breakfast table; the important public measures with which, thus early, our children become acquainted; great philanthropic questions of the day, to which, unconsciously, their attention is awakened, and the general spirit of intelligence which is evoked by these quiet visitors? Any thing that makes home pleasant, cheerful and chatty, thins the haunts of vice and the thousand and one avenues of temptation, should certainly be regarded, when we consider its influence on the minds of the young, as a great social and moral light."

Star Beams.

The beef condensing factory near Houston, Texas, boils down a bullock into twelve pounds.

A splendid vase and a Chinese musical box were Louis' presents to Eugenie on New Year's.

"It's a great comfort to be left alone," said an Irish lover, "especially when yer swateheart is wid ye."

George Peabody died on the 4th of November, and was finally buried three months and four days after his death.

Smart is the appropriate name of a youth who has just escaped from the Cincinnati House of Refuge, nailed up in a shoe box.

The Amazon drains an area of two hundred and fifty thousand square miles; its mouth is ninety miles wide, and it is navigable two thousand two hundred miles from its mouth.

They mean to rear tall students out in Wisconsin. A local paper says: "Its board of education has resolved to erect a building large enough to accommodate five hundred students three stories high."

Daniel Wheeler, of Plymouth, N. H., has an aqueduct, made from pine logs, that was laid in August, 1886, and never has had any repairs, or ever failed to give its regular supply of water.

It is scarcely more than twenty years since San Francisco became a city, and already there are complaints of over-crowding, and laborers who can not get work in town are advised to go into the country.

A young ladies' seminary in Philadelphia has just graduated five "Sallies" and one "Saddle," but not one "Sarah." Nellie, Josie, Essie, Susie, Nettie, etc., make up the rest of the list.

A gust of wind on Tuesday, the 18th ultimo, carried a tin sign, representing a gold pen, from a store in Detroit up into the air, and in its descent the point of the sign penetrated the back of a dog, impaling him to death.

The death of Mrs. Russ, widow of the inventor of the Russ pavement, resulted from her picking a small pimple near her mouth the week before. The nail poisoned the flesh, mortification ensuing and producing death.

A couple were about to be married in the Catholic church at Seymour, Connecticut, lately, when a girl, at the proper place, forbade the banns, and after an interview with the priest, was herself married to the bridegroom.

"Oh, dear!" blubbered out an urchin, who had been suffering from an application of the birch, "oh, my! they tell me about forty rods making a furlong, but I can tell a bigger story than that. Let 'em get such a plaguey lickin' as I've had, and they'll find out that one rod makes an acher."

Fire-proof furniture is the last scientific announcement in Germany. It is said that a German chemist, acting under a commission from a fire insurance company, discovered that impregnation with a concentrated solution of rock salt renders all timber fire proof. The salt, too, renders wood proof against dry-rot and the ravages of insects.

The Paris *Cosmos* states that a material which can be pressed in the form of combs, buttons, knife-handles, etc., may be made from leather scraps by cutting them into small pieces and keeping them for several days in chloride of sulphur; in this way they become hard and brittle. After being washed they are dried, ground to powder, and mixed with glue, or a solution of gum arabic, or any other adhesive substance, when the mixture is ready for the molds.

The Louisville *Courier* says: "Living in Harrodsburg, Kentucky, is an old negro woman who is nearly or quite white. She is over one hundred years of age, and during the lapse of a century the black pigment which gave color to her skin has disappeared. Her face, hands, neck and arms are of pearly whiteness, and her hair is snowy white, besides having lost much of that kinky appearance which is characteristic of the negro's wool."

A New Song.

JARDIE O'DOWD—HIS ADVENTURES.

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Me name it is Jardie O'Dowd, ha, ha!
The b'ys they all call me so proud, ha, ha!
But the gyls they all think that I'm swate as a pink,
And they wink and they blink at O'Dowd, ha, ha!
There's Bridget O'Kafe, there's Mollie Carew,
There's Biddy O'Nail and her old mother too.

SPOKEN: The ould woman, says I, ha, ha! indade I moist say ivery wao of 'em intirely together.

CHORUS.
Ha-ha, ha-ha, ha-ha! wheriver I go,
Ha-ha, ha-ha, ha-ha! it is iver just so,
The gyls all think that I'm swate as a pink,
And they wink and they blink at O'Dowd, ha, ha!

I walked up the shtrate one mornin' so foine,
"Good luck to yees, Jardie," says Meery O'Bryne;
Says Bridget, "How nate!" and says Biddy, "How swate!"

So they sigh and they cry when I'm nigh, ha, ha!
The gyls are all glad, the b'ys are all mad—
There's Dinnis McFay, he would murder me right away.

SPOKEN: The jilons baste tould me if iver waust I even winked at Mollie Carew he w'd murder me. (CHORUS.)

I went to the rink to shkate, ha, ha!
I shlipped and I fell prostrate, ha, ha!
The gyls they all sighed, and their ould mothers cried.

All afear that I died in me proide, ha, ha!
For the docthors they sc'ramed, for the docthors they wint—
I was not dead at all, barrin' a rint.

SPOKEN: Och, murder, murder, says I, I'm badly hurted altogether intirely, oh, dear; but I was soon convalescent. (CHORUS.)

I went to th' oppera wid Kate, ha, ha!
They hurrood as we tuck our sate, ha, ha!
We stood up an' bowed 'mid the shoutin' so loud,
Oh, and weren't we proud? for O'Dowd, ha, ha!
Wheriver I go 'tis iver just so,
At oppera or ball, in the park or the hall. (CHORUS.)

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Cruiser Crusoe: OR, LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

NUMBER TWO.

As this thought came, I sprang up, and, determined to satisfy myself, ran along a pathway, leading upward to higher rocks. It was a mere narrow ledge on the side of the cliff, but so desperate was I, that, though in places it was scarcely wider than my hand, I clung to occasional projections, or stuck my knife into chinks and holes, until I reached the summit, when I at once knew the extent of my misery.

To my left was another large bay nearly landlocked, forming a harbor, where a dozen vessels like the *Reformation* might have anchored. It was surrounded by lofty, undulating hills and conical rocks with jagged outlines.

Every thing there had a bleak appearance. In front of me the scenery was pleasing to the eye, being bounded with undulating hills, covered with evergreen foliage.

I could see distant mountains, capped with snow, rising in variegated forms, while the nearer hills were covered with dense groves of trees, consisting of the baobab, the dragon, the willow and others. Between me and the further part of the land were many impediments, such as deep inlets, abrupt precipices, and valleys filled with quagmires.

Almost parched for water, which I hoped I might obtain in the plain below, I hurried thither, and after a diligent search found some almost as brackish as that of the sea.

I stooped, and filling my oyster-shell, drank greedily.

Then I crawled back toward the rocks to find shelter from the storm, which had recommenced with added violence.

I had only my trowsers and jacket on, which, heaven knows, I needed much, as the rain was falling in torrents. With the jacket I contrived to catch a few drops, by which I was much refreshed.

There were many birds flying over the island; the flamingo, the parouet, and the aligretta. They were, however, so shy that even had I possessed a stick, I could not have knocked them down from their perches upon the rocks and shrubs.

I was now very hungry. After a long search, I found some miserable shell-fish and a few berries, which made me a scanty meal.

Then I thought of shelter for the night, shuddering as I realized that the place might be haunted by wild beasts.

With some loose stones under the big rock which I had previously occupied, I formed a kind of a wall to protect me, when I should recline in a hollow among the jagged masses.

To this hollow I repaired as night came on, and lay a long time awake, thinking of my mother, sisters, and the rest of my dear friends.

"All lost!" I exclaimed, despairingly, and wept bitterly.

Shoeless, with scanty clothing, and apparently dependent on rain for a supply of drinking water, the prospect before me seemed gloomy enough.

About midnight, being unable to sleep, and hearing strange noises in the distance, I pushed aside a stone and peered forth. It was very dark, and the rain fell, while, mingled with its beating, came the roar of the surf, with which I heard another roar, evidently that of wild beasts!

Worn and weary, I finally dropped to sleep. In the morning I rose, feeling very miserable.

Before I could even move abroad, I was obliged to sit down and plan some covering for my feet, which were very sore from my walking over the flinty, jagged rocks, pebbles and sea-shells. Many times after, before I was able to make myself shoes, a stone, a shell, or a pointed stick penetrating the old wound, would send me to the ground with anguish.

Now I was fain, as a last resource, to make bandages for my feet of my old shirt, cut into strips.

Having, as I had ever done, prayed fervently, I walked to the beach, and at first looked vainly for a sign of the wreck. Finally, however, as my eyes became accustomed to the dark rocks, near the far-away point where I had left the remains of the vessel, I could just distinguish a portion of her hull protruding above the jagged masses. With longing eyes I watched it, but having no means, nor at present being able to devise any, to get to the wreck, and thus procure provisions, my heart sunk within me. Even with the strength to travel the distance by land between me and the wreck, I could never have scaled the perpendicular cliffs that interposed.

On this beach I found the soil a mixture of clay, sand and pebbles.

The sea was tolerably calm. Flocks of birds flew over my head, while shoals of porpoises and large patches of kelp spotted the clear waters.

With the aid of my oyster-shell, I obtained from hollows in the rocks a scanty supply of fresh water, which, however, only added to my sensations of hunger. And yet all around me in air and sea, I could see stores of provisions, which, for want of weapon or hook to take them with, I was unable to obtain.

In this strait I saw something ahead of me, moving in an odd, sidelong way. I picked up a stick, and made toward it, to perceive that it was a crab, hurrying away toward a small clump of shrubs, reaching which, it disturbed a whole colony of snakes. With one of these it made off, when, as I raised my stick to dispatch it, a shadow came swooping between me and my prey. It was a great bird, which picked up both crab and snake, carrying them far away from my longing eyes.

I afterward had occasion to remark that this kind of fishing on the part of the large birds, was very common.

Picking up a piece of driftwood, I sharpened



it at the end with my knife, and went in search of more delicious food than that of which I had been robbed. I had heard that turtle, in this part of the world, were common, and, knowing that they bury their eggs in the sand, I went about with my stick, poking it here and there in search of them, without success.

Then, hoping to find herbs, I moved further inland. As I proceeded the grass became more luxuriant, and the sandy soil seemed to improve into good earth. Here I came upon clean, pellucid brooks, all of which, unfortunately, were impregnated with salt water. On the bank of one, I sat chewing a sort of water-cress I had found, when, at a distance, I observed flocks of birds behaving in a singular manner.

First they would descend upon a strip of sand, then soar high in air, afterward letting something drop. Making my way to the spot, I perceived that their prey thus dropped was a sort of hard clam, which buried itself in the sand.

Scratching with my stick, I obtained and devoured three of these clams, which were not very palatable and added to my uneasy sensations of thirst.

There was one idea which tormented me much: that of having to live upon raw food. I tried long to think of some way of making a fire, until I remembered having read of travelers doing so, by rubbing sticks together, after the manner of the Indians.

I spent a good hour in raking together sufficient fuel for making a fire. Then I found two pieces of flat wood, at which I worked hard, rubbing them briskly together, for forty minutes. Whether I was awkward, or whether the wood was too damp, I know not; certain it is, however, that I had my labor for my pains.

When night came, worn out with my useless exertions, I slept soundly until about midnight, when I was again disturbed by the roaring and howling of wild beasts, which kept me awake until morning.

The moment I emerged from my hole in the rock, my first thought, naturally enough, was for food.

I made my way toward the spot where I had seen the crab, meanwhile casting my glances right and left for water.

Whenever I came upon a little hollow or pool in which any had collected, I would scoop it up, dirty and brackish as it was, and drink it eagerly.

After much patience and diligence, I succeeded in capturing a crab, lying under a rock near the water. I also found some crawfish, which made me an excellent meal.

Meanwhile the birds flew in great quantities over my head, and I vainly longed for the means of killing them for food.

Then, thinking of the wild beasts I had heard, I looked about me for a stick to serve as a handle for the knife I carried, and thus serve me for a weapon in case of my being attacked by wild beasts.

At length, I observed a stout branch which the sea had cast up, lying on the beach. Picking it up, I perceived that it was too crooked for my purpose; but the sight of it brought to my mind an idea, which I at once determined to carry out.

Among the weapons used by strange tribes, I had taken more interest in none than the boomerang, spoken of by early and late navigators.

This, I recollected, was a flat stick, three feet long, and two inches wide, by three-quarters of an inch thick, curved or crooked in the center, forming an obtuse angle.

At first sight it might be taken for a wooden sword, rudely and clumsily made.

In the hands of an experienced savage, it was a missile very efficient, made by him to describe extraordinary curves and movements.

It was to be grasped at one end, in the right hand, and thrown sickle-wise, either upward in the air, or downward, so as to strike the ground at some distance from the thrower. In the first place, as its shape would indicate, it was used to fly in a rotary motion. After ascending to a great height in the air, it would suddenly return, in an elliptical orbit, to a spot near its starting point.

The natives used it to strike objects behind others, with great precision, and to reach those near, as if by a back stroke, by throwing it at a particular angle.

All this passed through my mind, as, with my knife, I endeavored to fashion a similar weapon. My father had once made me one, with which he had tried experiments.

I had seen birds and rabbits, as well as ducks, killed with it.

At the end of two hours, I had fashioned a rude imitation of the boomerang, at which I gazed with considerable triumph. I made an experiment with it at a bird in the air, but, owing to my inexperience, I cast it so that it struck me a blow on the head, knocking me senseless on the ground.

When I came to, I was perfectly satisfied as to the efficiency of my weapon, but determined not to use it again until I had mastered its peculiar flight!

My feet being now very sore, the strips of cloth having given way in many places, I found a kind of bark, which, stripping from a tree, I fastened to my bruised soles.

During the day I found some wild spinach, and another crab, which I eagerly devoured.

Next morning I again crawled from my hollow, in which I had passed a restless night.

I made a heartier meal than usual of wild spinach, sorrel and shell-fish; but all the water I could procure was the little I shook off the leaves of the trees.

I now determined to direct my course toward the distant hills, which seemed covered with an immense forest. The ground was uneven and rocky, while there were many inlets which I was obliged to swim, but still the hills seemed further and further off. After a brief rest I kept on, until at last I seemed to have reached the extreme boundary of my part of the territory. It was indeed a wild, picturesque landscape, now presented to my view. A narrow valley, in many places not less than five hundred feet deep, lay before me, watered by a stream.

On the side on which I stood, the cliffs were nearly perpendicular, rendering all descent impossible. These masses of rocks, some of them from thirty to forty feet long, projected from

(Continued on page 15.)

Taps from Beat Time.

[BEAT TIME will make his mark on the journalism of the day, and will win for himself and this paper (for which he writes exclusively) an enviable reputation. Our contemporaries of the press are at liberty to reprint from this column, by giving explicit credit to both author and SATURDAY JOURNAL.]

SOME men go from bad to verse.

PATIENCE on a monument—a slow marble-cutter.

A LATE poet exhibits a great deal of ver-suffocation.

ONE of the greatest riddles of life is to be rid-dled by bullets.

THE choice of the chicken is immaterial to some, but it is very material to us.

DID you ever notice that when a man discourses about fine foreheads, every man will instinctively pull off his hat?

"Ah," said Jones, of the fellow across the table, "if he had stopped six biscuits back, the landlord would then have had a chance to get his money back."

WHEN I see an epitaph so long that I have to take my dinner with me when I go to read it, I think, "What a small amount of virtue gives a marble-cutter a big job."

JONES was putting a nine-rail fence around his field, the other day, and I had to stop and ask him why he built it so high; he said it was to keep the crows out.

It's singular that when I want ten cents, I have nothing smaller than a quarter, and when I want a quarter, I've nothing larger than ten cents.

I SHOULD hate to affirm before a justice of the peace that an avaricious man will never get to heaven; but I am willing to believe that if a certain old fellow I know ever gets there, it will be bad for the streets, because, the first thing, he'll commence grabbing for the gold.

UP IN A BALLOON.

I HAVE been on an awful high; I was on a high once before, that came from eating mince-pies at a late supper down-town. But this time I was higher—I was "Up in a Balloon, boys." Yes, I was very arce-naughty. Mr. Smith—not the Smith that you are acquainted with, but the other one—brought a balloon here yesterday morning, and as I gazed on the largeness of its size, I was struck with the magnitude of its immensity. It was the second one I ever contemplated—the other was in a picture. I suppose you know what a balloon is, so I need not tell you that it is a large pile of gas, covered over with silk to keep the rain off, tapering down to the two men in a basket, hung to ropes. I may say, further, that it is an extensive swell.

As I was good at taking notes—I take everybody's except my own—I accepted Mr. Smith's invitation to accompany him, on condition that he would let me out if I got frightened, and at half-past nine we left this world and my weeping creditors, and safely and soon arrived—at the conclusion that every thing was lovely and the balloon hung high.

At the height of one mile, I held on to Mr. Smith and looked down; the crowd had dwindled down into double insignificance; the houses seemed to have been mashed flat, as if by a rolling-pin, and nothing was perfect except the chimney holes. I began to feel very disordered, and asked Mr. Smith if he always made his trips without ever being killed, and if he thought we would ever shake hands alive with our friends. He said he thought so, too.

Our course was straight up, and as we couldn't see very well ahead of the balloon, I felt very badly scared lest we should run into something. I asked Mr. Smith what course he pursued when he was thrown out; he said he always tried to light as easily as possible; he said a feather-bed was a good thing to fall on, when you had nothing else.

I asked him what he did when the balloon descended too rapidly; he said the first thing he did was to throw out the ballast, and if that didn't answer, he generally threw out his companion. This made me feel very badly; but when he told me he would probably not have to resort to that this time, I quit crying. Our ascension came near turning into a descension. At the height of ten miles, we saw Cincinnati far to the south, and depend upon it, she never felt so little in all her life. At twelve miles it was too cold for a human being to live. At fifteen, the winds piped through the ropes wildly, and made me think we were in the region of high notes.

The instrument with which Mr. Smith computed our progress was a glass cylinder of much neck and a cork. On the outside was marked a scale of miles and fractions; on the inside was something not material but wholesome—that is, when you can hold some—and by its progress down, we could compute our progress up. Mr. S. took the observations, and I observed him. All the while our course was straight up, and when at forty miles, we could see China distinctly with our looking-glasses. At fifty miles, we were very tired, and got out and walked awhile. At a hundred miles, we got into more space, Mr. Editor, than you will probably allow for this article. There were no houses in this part of the United States, but I thought if Uncle Sam would send some Esqui-moses here they might thrive—if they could get a foothold and not settle down too far. We finally brought up against the moon with a crash. What we saw there, I am not allowed to tell. We soon started on our descent. I pass over several thousand miles to say that we landed toward evening, much to the surprise of my creditors, who had already started the sheriff after me, thinking I would never come down. I forgot to mention that we came down without the balloon, and landed in the water. I tell you, I was pretty well gone up, and now, since I am again on terra firma, ballooning shall have no more terror for me.

Yours on a high, BEAT TIME.